THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE RAINING TREE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[In the little Island of Ferro, one of the Canaries, there flourishes a tree, called by the natives the "raining" or "weeping tree:"—from the drooping leaves of this singular production of nature, a continual flow of pure, clear water perpetually exudes, affording a refreshing draught to the thirsty traveller to bird and beast, and watering the innumerable flowers that bloom beneath it; no matter how clear the sky may be, a constant cloud, formed by its condensed vapors, continually envelopes in its dark screen this "weeping tree."—*Late Paper—See also Malte Brun, Vol. 3, Page* 115.]

Amid wild Afric's western sea
Fair Ferro's flowery islet sleeps,
And there the mournful "weeping tree,"
Forever grieves—forever weeps.
No sunbeam lights its darkened leaf,
A cloud for aye above it glooms,
And, smitten with a ling'ring grief,
It never buds, it never blooms.

Yet freshened by that sad tree's tears,
The tender plants beneath it grow,
The grass is bright, green blade upreares,
The lovely flowers around it blow.
And from its rills, so purely clear,
The wood birds glad refreshment drain,
To them the "weeping tree" is dear,
Their joys are gathered from its pain.

The weary traveller comes to lave
His brow beneath its shadows dim,
And blesses oft the Power who gave
That sorrowing plant to mourn for him;
And mid that ocean isle so fair,
All living things are filled with gloe,
Both grazing kine and bird of air,
And all things bless the "weeping tree."

Oh! there are souls, that 'neath the shade
Of grief's dark cloud forever weep;
Who, like the "raining tree," were made
A vigil sad for aye to keep;
Who yet from sorrow's lofty shrine,
Shed gladness on the hearts below,
And grandly bear a grief divine,
To bid the joys of others flow.

Such are those glorious souls that dare,
In freedom's cause, and truth's, to stand;
Such are those patriot hearts that bear
The burdens of their native land;
Such the grand sufferers who have mourned
For others, like the "weeping tree,"
Such was the One whose life adorned
Our own—who died on Calvary!

FRANK.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLTON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER III.

REMORSE.

When a man is dead, it does not demand a very Christian disposition to forgive him his trespasses against us; and even if we have trespassed against *him* (a much more indurating process to the human heart,) even a stubborn nature will repent itself a little of its harshness at such a time. One of the two parties to that quarrel being already before the Judgment-seat (where, however, no *ex parte* statements have undue weight,) the other refrains, if only for decency's sake, from clamoring against his opponent further. Our enemy's decease, too, seems to bring our own death-bed near to us, on which few men nourish their revenges. Ernest Woodford shed no tears at the news of his nephew's death, for the same reason that a pauper does not put on a hatband: he had no tears to shed. But, after his manner, he was sincerely sorry.

He went into his little business-room, locking the door behind him, and took down a certain book in which he was accustomed to enter the duplicates of his letters. He turned to one dated several months ago, a copy of which he had despatched to Charles at Rio, but to which he had received no reply, and read it through attentively. It was of itself a stern, ungracious communication enough, but addressed, as it was, by almost his only relative to one little more than a boy among total strangers in a strange land, its tone was scarcely less than brutal. It recapitulated the benefits which the writer had conferred upon his correspondent, and the acts of disobedience which the latter had committed in return; it threatened the lad with actual poverty in case his future career should not be more in accordance with his guardian's wishes; and it pretended to find the only excuse for his nephew's conduct in the unsettled disposition which he might possibly have inherited from his father, coupled with the too indulgent treatment received in his early youth at the hands of an injudicious mother. It was this part of the missive which stung Uncle Woodford's conscience most. He had never liked his brother, of whose popularity he had been jealous, and still less his sister-in-law, whom he had looked upon as an interloper in the family; and he knew in his heart that he had written those words against the Dead in spleen. It was in vain for him to endeavor to persuade himself now that he had had any other motive. "I wrote it for his good," he murmured above his breath; but a voice that he could not gainsay, answered to him: "You lie."

He remembered, too, that Selina was wont to use that expression, "for their good," whenever she made herself especially offensive to her fellow-creatures, and he knew what a very slight modicum of truth there was in *that* statement. Upon the whole, he regretted that he had ever written that letter. He even hoped that it might not have reached the lad before his death; but the date of the communication from Rio seemed to put that notion out of the question; moreover, had that been the case, he would have had it back unopened by the same mail.

Rio, April 25.

DEAR SIR—It is with the utmost regret that we have to announce to you the death by drowning, of your nephew, Charles Woodford. He went out in a small sailing-vessel, with three of his fellow clerks, on the evening of Good-Friday, which was a holiday in our house. The weather was rough, and the poor lad being carelessly seated on the taffrail, a sudden lurch of the boat threw him into the sea. His companions remained as near the spot as they could for hours, but it was nearly dark, and they never caught sight of him again. He was a good swimmer, they say, so that he probably struck against the side of the boat in falling, and was thereby incapacitated from keeping himself afloat. The occurrence took place about six miles from the mainland, not far from one of the islets of Marica; on which, in the forlorn hope that the body might have been washed ashore, the survivors afterwards landed. The search proved, however, as they expected, without success. We trust that you will perceive that everything was done under the lamentable circumstances that could be done. Indeed, we have the melancholy satisfaction of informing you that the unfortunate lad was greatly liked by all his companions, by whom, notwithstanding the short time he has been with us, his loss is deeply and deservedly felt. As for ourselves, although we did not think him specially qualified by nature for commercial pursuits, we have observed him to be both diligent and respectful.—Again, dear sir, condoling with you upon this fatal calamity, we remain your obedient servants,

OLIVIERA BROTHERS.

With your nephew's effects, which are sent home by steamer, we have enclosed a detailed statement of the above facts, in case such proof should be necessary, attested by the three witnesses in question.

Mr. Woodford had possessed himself of every word of this letter at the first reading, but he perused it again and again, like a lawyer looking for a flaw.

"This is all that woman's fault," murmured he between his set teeth. "Why did I listen to her? Why did I suffer myself to be set against the poor lad by her forked tongue? Five thousand a year, and if the lead-mine turns out as I expect, perhaps as much again, and not a Woodford to inherit it! Who's that? Come in."

"It's me, Ernest. You've locked the door."

Mr. Woodford rose and turned the key, then sat down again, with his back to the intruder, and without speaking.

"What *is* the matter, Ernest?" inquired his sister. "That little fool, Evy, is in something like hysterics, and when I went to shake her, thinking to bring her to, she said that I had better kill her also, since I had killed her cousin."

"So you have!" returned her brother, passionately—"read *that*," and waiting with a sneer upon his face, he sat biting his fingers for what Aunt Selina would say.

"Carelessly seated on the taffrail," said she at last—"dear, dear, how exactly like him that was! I've seen him do it on the lake here fifty times. Now, if he had only listened to *me*."

"If I had only *not* listened to you, woman, and let the lad stay here in his natural home, this accident would never have happened."

"Stuff and nonsense, Ernest; a boy can be drowned in Sandalthwaite just as easily as in the Atlantic Ocean. Beside which, you disliked him just as much as I did."

"You are glad, then, that your nephew is dead?"

"Certainly not, Ernest; but I humbly bow to the decrees of Providence. In my opinion, it is a merciful dispensation that has removed thus early from the world a fellow-creature so peculiarly accessible to its temptations as Charles Woodford promised to be. He would not have been a happy man."

"You did all you could to prevent him from being a happy boy," returned her brother, bitterly.

"It was always my endeavor to make him *good*," replied Miss Woodford, coldly; "but I confess I did not like him. He was not one of those to whom a person of well-regulated principles could attach herself. He was headstrong, disobedient, and proud.—Yes, it is of no use your looking at me like that, Ernest. Because the boy is dead, I see no necessity to conceal the truth. That is one of the miserable substitutes for Christian charity which irreligious people, such as you, are accustomed to plume yourselves upon, I know. But you deceive nobody, not even yourselves. There—I can see by your face that I have laid my finger upon the sore place. If, in doing your duty by the lad, you gratified your private malice, you of course, have something to regret. *I* have nothing to repent of in that way, thank goodness!"

"No, you never have, Selina," answered her brother, contemptuously; "everything you do seems to afford you comfort afterwards. The recollection of a murder—if you had profited by it—would, I believe, smooth your pillow. But you *have* nothing to profit by in this case, remember, madam."

"Except from your admirable and improving remarks, I am well aware, sir, nothing."

But the yellow face had a gleam of triumph on it for all that, making it shine like a *new* guinea, and it was with difficulty that she could keep her voice in its accustomed key.

"I suppose this news is absolutely to be relied upon?" continued Miss Selina, thoughtfully, after an uncomfortable pause, during which her brother turned over the leaves of his letter-book without reading them.

"Of course it is. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I was thinking how Clementina would take it!"

Mr. Woodford sprang from his seat with a terrible imprecation.

"How dare you mention that woman's name!" cried he. "Did I not forbid you ever to breathe it?"

"That is true, Ernest; but upon an occasion of this kind, when so much has to be considered—I was only going to say that she will bitterly regret her conduct now."

"Let her regret it, then," answered her brother sternly. "That will not make me forgive her."

"No, indeed; I should hope not. I never imagined you to be so weak. You are not likely to make yourself a laughing-stock to the whole world *a second time*."

Ernest Woodford's swarthy face grew a livid white, and the veins upon his forehead stood out like little cords with suppressed passion. "Take care!" said he in a low and half-choked voice—"you had better take care."

"Yes, Ernest; I am sure I am the last person to allude to such humiliating antecedents, except for your good. But the property is now without an heir, you know: and the ambition of some women is without limit. It is necessary that you should be put on your guard."

"Thank you, Selina. That is enough. If you allude to this subject again—if you so much as hint at it—you will leave this roof that very hour. Remember, from this day forth, that Evelyn Sefton is sole heiress of Dewbank Hall."

"Heiress-presumptive, of course, you mean," observed Miss Selina, drawing herself up.

"Heiress, I say!" repeated her brother passionately. Then suddenly catching sight of his sister looking the picture of offended dignity, he added sardonically: "Pardon me: I had forgotten, madam, your own possible expectations. I should have said, in the event of your remaining single, or dying childless, that Evelyn Sefton would be the greatest heiress in Cumberland."

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE HILL-TOP.

It is early morning, and the sun has but just touched the roof of the highest house in England. There is a little inn on Kirkstone Pass, well known to travellers in search of the picturesque, which arrogates to itself that proud distinction, but the house that I have in my mind is higher still: high above all passes it stands, high above all mountains; oftener than not in cloud-land, even at noonday; but just now it is clear of cloud, and the world is being laid bare at its feet by the silent-marching sunrays, just as a picture starts from the blank white beneath the strokes of the artist's pencil. First, the jagged and splintered peaks of the hill-top, and the seams that show where the mountain-torrents take their rise in winter; then the green plateaux, here withered with the long-continued drought, there black with the sluggish veins of the morass, and with the lonely tarn hemmed in by its steep rocks, round which the buzzard glides on his brown wings and whimpers to the winds. As fold by fold the morning mists dissolve, a sea of rounded hills comes into view, their tops for the most part bald, but sometimes fringed with scanty firs; then the slender zigzag lines that are the modern passes; and the faded streaks that were the old pack-horse tracks before the dalesmen ever dreamed of wheels. Next, the gleams strike the valleys, the fields sprinkled with the still sleeping kine, the low white farms upon the spurs of the hill, and the straggling hamlets. Lastly, the lakes are smitten with sudden flame, and all is day. A fair feast, surely, for any eyes, but a banquet indeed to those of a painter.

There is a gentleman of that profession regarding it from the dwelling I have mentioned, a mere temporary hut, set like an eyrie on a mountain-peak between the sheltering rocks. It does not give one the notion of stability during storm, but it has been erected by scientific persons (forming indeed the temporary centre of the Ordnance Survey of those parts), so we must find no fault on that score. At all events, it has stood through last night's zephyrs, which, at that elevation, indulge in roughish play, and has afforded shelter to Mr. Claude Murphy, artist, who, by the gracious permission of the sergeant, has been permitted to make use of it, as well as to two of the corps of Sappers and Miners whose duty it is to remain there nightly, although the rest of the surveying party descend to Sandalthwaite at dusk, and make their head-quarters there. To borrow a metaphor from materials ready to our hand, Mr. Murphy has reached the apex of human life, according to the usual calculation, but one can hardly say that he has begun to descend the hill; most of us delay a little upon that landing on our life-stairs—middle age—and by many a retrospective glance, endeavor to persuade ourselves that we are still with the jocund company of climbers, and Mr. Murphy will stop there as long as he can, I think. His laughing eye, his ruddy cheek, his rich full voice, that will willingly troll you a *song* in praise of good liquor, or of the less sentimental sort of young ladies, all speak of youth; but the thinness of those once clustering locks of chestnut hair is a bad sign, although he makes merry with it. He is now standing outside the hut, with his back to the highest peak in England, sketching for his very life, as though he would overtake the Dawn.

"*Sunrise on the mountain top!*" exclaims he, in burlesque and jovial tones, and with a strong Irish accent. "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen; there is no occasion to remunerate the attendant for the safe custody of your parasols and umbrellas. This wonderful picture is now on view for a very limited period; the colors and framework are supplied by nature straight from the workshop; the gilding has been executed by—— George, George, what has become of the Sun?"

"Did I hear you speak, sir?" said a respectful voice from the hut close by, at the entrance of which appeared a young Sapper making a military salute.

"Yes, George, I think you did, unless the rarefaction of the atmosphere at this colossal elevation is such that all sound sinks like a stone. A man might live with his wife here very comfortably, if that were the case, don't you think so, George?"

"I think a man might live anywhere in these parts very comfortably with a nice wife, sir, whether it was hill or valley."

"Upon my life, George, for a respectable man, you as nearly approach to the genus Poet as any one I ever met. To be able to get 'spooney' over scenery is a very remarkable attribute, young man; and let me tell you, that in your position, the sooner you get rid of it the better. I'll ask the sergeant, but I am not quite sure whether it is not contrary to the Articles of War."

"Well, sir, I certainly never saw a place I should like to make my home in, so much as among these Cumberland Fells."

"Did you say Gals or Fells, George? The wind comes in such eddies, that I really can't hear anything distinctly. Oh, Fells? I thought you might be referring to Lucy Walter, who is to be the Queen of the Rush-bearing this year at Ambleside; or perhaps to—here's the sun again—Mary Harrison, at Ander Tarn yonder. Yes, I thought so."

The young Sapper, a handsome blue-eyed fellow, lithe and active as a panther, was blushing like a girl.

"Now, look you, George," continued Mr. Murphy in his bantering tone, "I'll lay this sketch of mine, which is priceless, against your regulation-boots, which are not made for human feet, that that telescope yonder is directed point blank upon that young woman's residence. I don't ask who pointed it; but just to satisfy my mind, I'll look."

With the naked eye, you could easily see Ander Tarm glinting upon the hillside like a star; but through the glass the long one-storied dwelling by its side was brought quite close, with its white blinds down as yet, and not a smoke-wreath to be seen from either chimney. From below, the little homestead was quite invisible, being set, as it were, in a cup or dell among the hills. An army might have ravaged all the valleys of Lakeland, and never found out that snug secluded spot; but from this coign of vantage, one could mark it almost as plainly as some object beneath the microscope.

"Why, it's like looking through the key-hole!" exclaimed Mr. Murphy, without, however, taking his eye away. "I feel positively ashamed. Hullos! Oh, my goodness!"

"What's the matter, sir?"

"Nothing, George—nothing; only I'm very much interested. Don't touch me, please, or you will disarrange the instrument. The idea of her being up at this time in the morning!"

"Is Mary up, sir?" inquired the young man with great excitement.

"Yes, yes; at least I suppose it is she at the window. There's somebody talking to her outside from below; a black-looking fellow—"

"That's Miles Ripson," muttered the Sapper, his blue eyes kindling with rage; "as vile a scoundrel as there is in the country round! Is she really speaking to him, sir?"

"I can't say, George. The human voice, especially when people are whispering with their heads quite close together, does not travel more than a few miles. I can't tell you what they are *saying*; science has not yet combined optics with acoustics to that extent. But— O dear!"

Mr. Murphy left the tripod, and put his fingers over his eyes, as mothers do before their children when they pretend to be "shocked."

White as a sheet, the Sapper took his place at the instrument, which it was fortunately not necessary that he should support with his trembling hands. "I see nothing, sir, except the house," observed he hoarsely.

"I suppose he's gone inside," said Mr. Murphy with simplicity; then his gravity suddenly deserting him, he broke into peals of laughter, which the astonished crags took up, and sullenly repeated.

There's was a pleasant smile upon the young soldier's face, as he turned round good-humoredly and said: "You have been taking me in, sir."

Mr. Murphy, scarlet and speechless, nodded a joyful assent.

"Well, sir, I am sure I forgive you; although," added he grimly, "if what you said you saw had been true, I would not have forgiven Miles."

"But what folly it is, George, to be thus jealous of a woman who can never be your wife. How are you, a soldier—"

"Yes, yes, I know all that, sir," broke in the other impatiently; "but I can no more help loving her, and feeling glad when she is near, than yonder sundew can help sparkling in the shine! Moreover, if she will only consent to wait until I can put off this uniform, for what were these two strong arms given to me if not to win her bread?"

"That is too much to expect of woman, George," returned the painter, filling in the strokes of his picture with deliberation. "When the Survey is over, and you have gone, do you suppose that the memory of your beseeching face will hold its place against the presence of handsome Miles? That is a dream, boy, a mere delusion of your love-sick brain, and the sooner you wake from it the better. Are you going to wrestle this afternoon at Sandalthwaite?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is well. There will be some good 'felling,' if yonder storm-clouds do not spoil sport. You will have a capital chance for the light-weight belt, I should think."

"Yes, sir, I think I am as good a man in the ring as he is."

"How Cupid blinds this fellow! You only see one competitor in all the world—your rival. Why, there will be forty pair, man, at least, and perhaps half of them as formidable as he."

"I don't care who gets the belt, sir, so long as Miles don't get it. Not but what it's a fine thing, too, to win such things, though not of course for the mere value of them."

"Of course not," returned the painter smiling, and breaking into song:

"Ah, Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.
There only I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
Then I knew it was Love, and I felt it was glory."

"Yes, sir," rejoined the young man simply, "that's very true, whoever wrote it; but even without love, it is pleasant to win belts. Why, look at Master Charlie even—he that was sent out of the country last year, poor fellow, and more shame to them as did it—how he took to Wrestling, though he was but sixteen years old, and a gentleman's son."

Mr. Murphy keeping silence, except for a certain impatient biting of his nails, the Sapper continued: "Certainly, if one in his position—heir to so many thousands as they say—cannot live where he likes—and how he did love old Cumberland!—it is not for such as me to complain. But then he will come back again some day, I hope, and marry Miss Evelyn. *She* will keep for him; there's no fear of anybody carrying *her* off for these ten years to come." I only wish Mary was a child, that's all."

"Amen!" replied the other solemnly, while he added, under his breath, "for then you would not care twopence about her, and would cease to bore your friends."

"However, sir, I daresay I have had more luck than I deserve, in having been quartered in these parts so long, that they have almost become native to me; but our work here is pretty nigh done, and when I go—But I ask your pardon, Mr. Murphy; it is only your kindness which has made me trouble you with my affairs. My comrade has got the breakfast ready, if you would please to step in and take some."

"Very good, George. Stop a bit. There's a bit of color yonder. Is not that the sergeant and the others coming up from Sandalthwaite?"

He turned the glass upon the thin red line that was straggling up a distant fell. "Yes, that is they,—How strange it is to see all those folks who cannot see us; it makes one feel like the lotus-eaters, who

Lived and lay reclined
Upon the hills, like gods together, making game of all mankind.

I rather fancy you would like to be a lotus-eater yourself, George."

"I am sure I don't know, sir, for I never tasted one."

"I've never eaten anything else," sighed the painter wearily, then added aloud:—"But why does yon fellow wear his gloves in his cap instead of on his hands? He must be of an uncommonly economical nature, since, I suppose, those articles are supplied by the government."

"You are not playing me a trick again, sir, are you?" inquired the Sapper earnestly, and turning deadly pale.

"Trick, man, no! I only asked you why the man wears his gloves in his cap."

"It is a sign that has been agreed upon among us," returned the young fellow sadly. "You have told me without knowing it, sir, the worst news I have heard this twelvemonth, nay, as it seems, in all my life. We have 'got the Route,' sir—that's what it means—and are doubtless ordered South."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Subjugating an Elephant.

Tuesday of last week, a Cincinnati paper says: a circus elephant, 36 years old, 10,000 pounds weight, and named Tippoo Saib, while in winter quarters at Connorsville, Indiana, became unruly on account of a change of his keeper, and went to war against all mankind. He would allow no one in his quarters, and struck at everybody who approached him with his trunk and tusks most violently. His keeper determined to subdue him, and the process and result are thus described:—The new keeper, with nine assistants, had fully equipped himself with chains and cables for tying, and spears and pitchforks for subduing Tippoo. The first thing done was to fasten a brickbat to the end of a rope and throw it over the end of the tusk-chain, which latter is fastened to one leg and one tusk. By means of this rope, a 20-ton cable chain, (formerly used to subdue the famous Hannibal,) was slip-noosed around the tusk. Next, an excavation three feet deep was made under the sill of the house, and while the elephant's attention was attracted to the other side of the room by a pail of water poured into his trough, the cable chain was passed through the excavation and fastened to heavy stakes outside. All this time the infuriated monster struck all around him with terrible ferocity, and tugged at his chain with incredible momentum. The next thing accomplished was the snaring of his hind legs. This was consummated by the slinging of fresh ropes around those two stately pillars of elephant flesh, bone and muscle, and finally, by the stealthy strategy of the keeper and another man, these ropes were fastened to stumps outside. The elephant was now sufficiently pinioned to allow the order, "charge pitchforks," to be given. Ten men, armed with these ugly implements of offence, plunged them into the rampaging beast, taking care, of course, to avoid penetrating his eyes or joints. The tenderest spot in an elephant is just behind the four legs, and that locality was prodded unmercifully. By means of a hooked spear sunk in his back, Tippoo was brought to his knees, but he surged up again with such awful strength that he swept his tormentors off their feet and made his chains whistle like fiddle-strings. After an hour's fighting he was brought down on his side, but for two hours longer he tugged at his chains with frenzied obstinacy. He pulled so hard at times that his hind legs were straight out behind him, and three feet off the ground. At the end of the three hours the giant gave in by trumpeting, which is the elephant's way of crying enough. The moment this peculiar cry was heard, the battle ceased. The keeper made Tippoo get up and lie down a number of times, and he was as obedient to the word of command as a gentle pony. The animal was then groomed and rubbed off with whiskey. He allowed all manner of liberties without so much as flapping an ear. He was a subjugated elephant.

☞ The London Globe says a man named Charlier thinks the notion that horses need shoes entirely wrong. He himself does not cut a horse's hoof. He merely protects it against violent blows and accidents, and against the wear and tear of the Paris pavement, by enclosing it in a thin circle of iron, which wards it from danger without compressing it. In this way the horse stands upon a healthy member instead of upon one which is being constantly wounded by the iron and knife of the smith. Besides the economy of this reform, it is expected to make hoof diseases infrequent.

☞ Jefferson Davis and his family have left Canada for Richmond, where Davis is to be surrendered by his sureties. There is no certainty about the trial beginning on the appointed day, however.

Webster's Courtship.

The following incident is related of the late Daniel Webster's courtship:—He was then a young lawyer in Portsmouth, N. H. At one of his visits to Miss Grace Fletcher, he had, probably with a view of combining utility and enjoyment, been holding skeins of silk thread for her, when suddenly he stopped, saying, "Grace, we have been tying knots; let us see if we can tie a knot—one which will not untie for a lifetime." He then took a piece of tape, and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. And now in a little box, marked by him with the words "Precious Documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial is still to be found. The knot has never been untied.

THE latest style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Indiana. It is described as consisting of two straws tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price $19.

☞ Joseph Coon, of Elkhart county, Ind., was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary six years for an assault with intent to kill. He moved for a new trial, which was granted, and now the jury "send him up" for ten years.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 30, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.—Do our readers generally know that the steel Engravings we offer as Premiums—especially the new one of "WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON," is worth of itself the yearly subscription price of THE POST? For that matter, we doubt that three dollars would buy a steel engraving of the picture-dealers, of equal size and excellence. And yet we give this engraving, worth of itself about $3.00, to every one who subscribes for THE POST, and pays for it in advance.

The engraving of "One of Life's Happy Hours" is also a beautiful and finely executed picture, and well worth framing.

We offer these engravings at one dollar apiece to club subscribers, but we do not wish this to be taken as a proof that we estimate their value at that low price. Engravings of similar size and cost are being constantly sold throughout the country at $2.50 and $3.00. For these are finely executed *steel* engravings—they are not common wood engravings or lithographs.

CHINESE WISDOM.

A book has recently been published in San Francisco, edited by the Rev. A. W. Loomis, which throws considerable light upon the system of philosophy taught by Confucius, Mencius, and other Chinese sages, and helps to show to what a high degree of civilization China had attained, at a period when nearly all the rest of the world was immersed in barbarism. A large portion of the volume consists of extracts from the celebrated Four Books of Confucius and his disciples, and there are also selections from several other departments of Chinese literature; the work thus contains a large amount of the most interesting and instructive matter, and is well worthy of careful study.

On looking over this book one of the first things that strikes us, is the great resemblance many of the Proverbs and Moral Maxims bear to the Scriptures. How much some of the following sound like passages from the Bible:

"When you have found out the truth of any accusation, be grieved for and pity them, and do not feel joy at your own ability."

"Tsze-Kung asked, saying, 'Is there one word which may serve as a rule for practice for all one's life?' The Master said, 'Is not *Reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.'"

"Benevolence is the tranquil habitation of man, and righteousness is his straight path."

"The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote."

"What a man dislikes in his superiors, let him not display in treatment of his inferiors; what he dislikes in inferiors, let him not display in the service of his superiors; what he hates in those who are before him, let him not therewith precede those who are behind him; what he hates in those who are behind him, let him not therewith follow those who are before him; what he hates to receive on the right, let him not bestow on the left; what he hates to receive on the left, let him not bestow on the right."

"Do not consider any vice as trivial, and therefore practice it; do not consider any virtue as unimportant, and therefore neglect it."

"To assail one's own wickedness, and not assail that of others; is not this the way to correct cherished evil?"

"The wise forget past injuries."

Several of these sayings appear to read almost like the precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," but in none of the books of the Chinese do we find anything resembling the commandment, "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." It is true they acknowledged a Supreme Ruler whom it was their duty to reverence and obey, but we often find the term *Heaven*, or even the combination *Heaven and Earth*, used as a synonym for God, and it is very likely that Confucius and the wise men of his time were pantheists in their theology. The classical books of the Chinese are also silent on the subject of future rewards and punishments. Mencius says, "If you do good, among your descendants in after generations there shall be one who will attain to the Imperial dignity," and in one of their books we read that "The man, who, by committing bad actions, becomes famous, if men do not punish him, Heaven will certainly slay him." The general idea seems to have been that virtue received its reward, and vice its punishment in this life.

When a man died he still kept up an interest in worldly affairs, and his spirit hovered around his friends and relations, protecting and aiding them if they paid him due religious honors. Hence the importance attached by Confucius to the worship of ancestors and the serving of spirits; but though he taught that the soul was immortal, he allowed that he did not understand much about the gods; and on one occasion, being asked what death was, he answered: "When I know not the nature of life, how shall I inform you what death is?" He thought that man not being able to comprehend such things, his duty in this life lay rather in behaving with justice and sincerity towards his fellow men, than in paying divine honors to beings whom he could not understand.

A doctrine which we see repeated again and again in the Four Sacred Books of the Chinese is, that man at his birth is by nature good and pure. Confucius says, "All people are naturally good, but a desire of pleasure changes them;" and Mencius taught the same thing, as the following sayings of his will show:

"The tendency of man's nature to good is like the tendency of water to flow downwards."

"If men do what is not good, the blame cannot be imputed to their natural powers."

Again, when asked about man's nature, he said, "From the feelings proper to it, it is constituted for the practice of what is good. This is what I mean in saying that the nature is good."

The Chinese sages believed that it was quite possible for men to recover their perfect state, and Mencius said, "The great end of learning is nothing else but to seek for the lost mind;" but we often find Confucius lamenting that the path of duty, or the "path of the Mean," as he called it, was untrodden, and that a good man was not his to see, and he admitted that he himself could not reach that standard of virtue which he had set up for others.

Confucius said, "Of the three thousand crimes included under the five kinds of punishment, there is none greater than disobedience to parents;" and the Chinese have certainly followed the teachings of their philosopher in this respect with the greatest care and attention, for in no other country is there so much respect paid to parents and superiors as in China. The "Book of Rites," among numerous directions as to the manner of serving parents, gives the following, which shows that the children were early accustomed to instant obedience:—

"When the father calls, his son must answer promptly and without delay; he must drop whatever work he has in hand; or if he is eating and has food in his mouth, he must spit it out and run quickly."

The Chinese sages also taught that all men between the four seas were brethren, but from the unbrotherly conduct of this people towards foreigners, we should judge the term "within the four seas" to mean only their own empire. No people, however, are kinder or more sincere towards each other than the Chinese, nor do any exceed them in reverence for the aged, or in the care taken for the sick and poor. As we said before, they keep the fifth commandment better than do a great many Christians; and the promise contained in it, the promise "that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," seems to have been fully carried out in their case; for no other people have dwelt for so long a period in the same country, in such comparative peace and prosperity.

The philosophy of Confucius will bear comparison with that of many of the old Grecian and Roman sages, and in his writings are many things which our own people might study to great advantage. Some of his precepts and those of his followers are given below, and when we consider the period at which they were taught, it shows that the Chinese, even at the remote era of 500 years before Christ, had reached a standard of morality and virtue second, in many respects, only to that of Christianity.

"He who tells me of my faults is my teacher; he who tells me of my virtues does me harm."

"For one word, a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish. We ought to be careful indeed in what we say."

"Throughout life, beware of performing acts of animosity: worthless men will always suffer ruin from others as bad as themselves."

"Would you understand the character of the prince, examine his ministers; would you know the disposition of any man, look at his companions; would you know that of the father, look at his son."

"Every man sees the faults of others, but cannot discern his own."

The Book of Rites contains this precept: "Let children always be taught to speak the simple truth; to stand upright, and in their proper places; and to listen with respectful attention."

"Sit in your secret chamber, as if passing through the public street. Take care of the little-large heart, as if driving six horses."

"Do not imitate those isolated men who are wise only for themselves; to communicate the wellcum of knowledge and virtue we possess to others, will never impoverish ourselves."

Confucius said, "In the way of the superior man there are four things, to not one of which have I as yet attained. To serve my father, as I would require my son to serve me: to this I have not attained. To serve my prince, as I would require my minister to serve me: to this I have not attained. To serve my elder brother as I would require my younger brother to serve me: to this I have not attained. To set the example in behaving to a friend, as I would require him to behave to me: to this I have not attained. To be earnest in practicing the ordinary virtues, and careful in speaking about them; if, in his practice, he has anything defective, the superior man dares not but exert himself; and if, in his words, he has any excess, he dares not allow himself such license. Thus his words have respect to his actions, and his actions have respect to his words: is it not just an entire sincerity which marks the superior man?"

"There are many charges, but the charge of one's self is the root of all others."

Mencius said, "I love life, and I love justice; but if I cannot preserve both, I would give up life, and hold fast justice. Although I love life, there is that which I love more than life; although I hate death, there is that which I hate more than death."

Again, in advising a prince he said, "If you will put in practice a benevolent government, this people will love you and all above them, and will die for their officers."

"He who gains the hearts of the people, secures the throne, and he who loses the people's hearts loses the throne."

"The nature of the superior man is such that, although in a high and prosperous situation, it adds nothing to his virtue; and although in low and distressed circumstances, it impairs it in nothing."

The world has not outgrown the height of maxims such as these. Will it ever outgrow them?

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

The author of "Marco Bozzaris," "Fanny," "Burns," "Alnwick Castle" and many other well-known and beautiful poems, died on the evening of the 19th, at his residence near Guilford, Connecticut, in the 73d year of his age.

Mr. Halleck was born in Guilford, Connecticut, in 1795. His mother was an Eliot, and a descendant of John Eliot, "the apostle to the Indians." Mr. Halleck went to New York in 1818, and entered the mercantile house of Jacob Barker, in whose employment he remained for many years. Afterwards he was in the service of John Jacob Astor, by whom he was nominated one of the trustees of the Astor Library. Since 1849, Mr. Halleck has lived in his native place, retired from business.

Although Mr. Halleck's genius brought him fame, he never seemed to care very much for that rather evanescent commodity—valuing more highly the enjoyment of the society of loving friends, than the applause of a world of strangers. As he himself sung—we quote from memory:—

"Night's holy dew,
And sorrow's holier tear, will keep
The grass green where in death I sleep;
And when that sod is dead above me,
And those that know me now and love me
Are sleeping by my side,
What will it aught avail that men
Tell to the world with lip or pen,
That I have lived and died!"

STREET SWEEPING.

In France—that "terrible Despotism"—the streets of Paris are kept thoroughly clean, by contractors who sweep them for nothing, and pay $105,000 for the sweepings, which they afterwards retail for about $600,000.

In America—the "model Republic," which surpasses all other nations on the globe—we pay in our principal cities hundreds of thousands of dollars to have the streets swept, and the contractors put the money into their pockets, and trust to the rains to do the work which they are so lavishly paid for doing.

A GREAT CANARD.

We perceive by a foreign telegram, that Mr. Adderly, Under Secretary for the English Colonies, in answer to an inquiry in the House of Commons, said, "The story of the disappearance of the Island of Tortola beneath the sea was doubtless a great canard."

Very good indeed for Mr. Adderly—whether he knew he was saying a smart thing or not. Canard is French for duck—and that account of a whole island plunging beneath the waves, was a very great *duck* indeed.

The Union Pacific Railroad.

Open the map of the United States, take a pencil and draw a nearly straight black line from Omaha westward to San Francisco, and you have the path of the Union Pacific Railroad. Then eastward from Omaha to Philadelphia draw a number of parallel lines, and you have the feeders of the Union Pacific Railroad connecting with an immense net-work of roads, stretching out their roots and branches into every state east of the Mississippi river from Maine to Florida. Then start from Philadelphia, and following the track of the Pennsylvania Central, continue it to Omaha, and thence to San Francisco, and you have the one Grand Trunk Railroad of the North American Continent. This is the back bone of the United States, an immense national work, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, two thousand five hundred miles in length, through the geographical centre of the country. You find all the rich and populous states east of Nebraska covered with intersecting black lines, but all converging to Omaha, and at that point the old railroad system of the United States stops. Westward of Omaha you find this one road—the Union Pacific—like a great river, into which all these tributaries pour their constantly increasing floods.

Now it requires no argument, but merely this simple statement of facts, to show that the Union Pacific Railroad, running eighteen hundred and thirty miles to San Francisco, will be the great road of the United States. All the trade and freight of the Pacific and Atlantic *must* pass over its rails. No matter what roads carry the trade and travel to Omaha from Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Boston, the Union Pacific Railroad must monopolize the business from Omaha westward. It will absorb all the local traffic of the states and territories through which it passes—Nebraska, Dakotah, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana, California, Oregon. Backwards and forwards over its double track will flow the commerce of a continent; it will give the vast mineral wealth of Colorado and Idaho an outlet; will double the emigration to the West. It will civilize that immense and fertile territory west of the Mississippi, stretching through forty degrees of latitude, from Mexico to British America. This road is like a long and irresistible arm, with which the powerful East embraces the mighty and virgin West. The people of the Atlantic and the Pacific coast clasp hands across the continent. It binds the union in an iron band, and strengthens the national sentiment of patriotism by creating a national means of direct and speedy communication. Along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad towns will spring up; the farmer will reclaim the prairie; the miner will work out the immeasurable wealth of iron, and gold, and silver. It will build churches and schools, mills and factories. Wherever we send a locomotive, we send enterprise, manufactures, education and Christianity—to say nothing of rum, cards, and the lottery system.

As to the profits of this great Pacific road, a detailed statement of what it has already done, and an estimate of what it may reasonably be expected to do, may be found in our advertising columns. Read that advertisement attentively—for it deserves to be read. The chance that those who have some money now have of investing in the bonds of this wonderful road, seems to us one that many should seriously consider. We do not see how it can hardly fail to pay. As a contemporary says:—"The Union Pacific Railroad is the backbone of the United States—it is the Mississippi river turned east and west, and running upon rails."

A CURIOUS RHYME.

The *London Punch* seems to have a curious idea as to the proper pronunciation of Illinois. In some recent couplets, hardly worth quoting, relative to a recent sale of eight "short-horns," in England, at an average price of £400 apiece, the poet of that journal says:—

Mr. Strafford raised his time-glass, and Thornton held the pen,
When to a Windsor coffee-room flocked scores of shorthorn men.

They crowded round the table, they fairly blocked the door;
He stood Champagné did Sheldon, of Geneva, Illinois.

And sure, the laws of Nature must have burst each ancient bound,
When a yearling heifer fetches more than seven hundred pound!

Bulls bring their weight in bullion, and I guess we'll hear of more,
Arriving from the pastures of Geneva, Illinois.

Illinois, it will be noticed, is made to rhyme with "door" in one case, and with "more" in the other. Punch evidently considers it is pronounced *Illinore*. Now we would respectfully inform *Punch* that it is pronounced Il-lin-nois', and sometimes Illinoi, by educated Americans—and we hope also by the generality of educated Englishmen. Punch will please turn to his Gazetteer or Dictionary, and having found this to be the case, will make a note of it, in order that he may not err in like manner in future.

WOULD-BE TYRANTS.

We observe in the notice of a meeting of the "Plasterers' and Bricklayers Laborers' Protective Union," recently published in the *Public Ledger* of this city, that it was "Resolved that the price to be asked for labor until the opening of the next building season should be $2.50 per day. Remarks were made relative to the interests of the association, and it was determined that *no member should be allowed to work with those who speak disparagingly of the association.*"

If there is not the very spirit of despotism and tyranny in the lines we have italicised, then we know not what despotism and tyranny are.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMONG THE INDIANS: EIGHT YEARS IN THE FAR WEST, 1858, 1866. Embracing Sketches of Montana and Salt Lake. By HENRY A. BOLLER. There is a vast difference between the work of the professional tourist, who rushes rapidly through nations and over continents for the express purpose of "making a book," and the pages of a truthful and observant man, who after spending years among one people, gives to the reader only those facts and incidents which have come under his personal observation. The former seeing but the outside only, necessarily presents a superficial view, that is valueless just in the degree of its superficiality. The latter, by thoroughly mastering the interior, is able to give to the world a reality. In the one case the public is apt to receive a picture of an author's imagination; in the other, a word-photograph of a given people. The peculiar charm of the volume before us consists in the fact that it is a book of the last-named kind.

When verging upon manhood, our author, a native of the orderly city of Brotherly Love, and a member of the Society of Friends by descent, finds himself irresistibly impelled to visit the wild territory which stretches from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, and know something of the wild beings who roam thereon. He enters the service of one of the fur companies, and for eight years lives in the very heart of the Indian country. These pages are compiled from his diary. The story begins May 23d, 1858; when the company's steamboat, laden with supplies for the traders, and annuities for the various tribes, started upon her annual voyage up the Missouri, through Dacotah, and into Montana. The incidents of the passage, succinctly told, give the reader exciting glimpses of Indian life.

For example, at the first landing, when the chiefs of the Yanktons are in the cabin having a "talk," and the inevitable smoke with the Indian agents, the braves on the bank vigorously discuss the pleasant proposition of scalping the whites, and thus securing the whole cargo. A few days later, two bands of Sioux, one on either shore, endeavor to compel a landing by keeping up a cross fire, and finally succeed.

After numerous singular adventures—which are pleasanter to read of than to share in—the steamer reaches Fort Union, and turns for St. Louis, gathering at the trading posts the robes and furs purchased during the previous year. Our author is left among the Gros Ventres at Fort Atkinson, than which a better place for seeing the Indians as they really are, can hardly be found. His first experience of the romantic life before him, is a night vainly spent in the effort to sleep on buffalo robes, "thickly populated with those minute specimens of animated nature with which savages are so bountifully provided."

In the three hundred pages following we have an admirable portrayal of Indian life as it really is—not as Cooper and similar writers fancied it might be. If the remark of an old negro:—"You never knows white folks 'till you summers and winters with 'em" is at all applicable to red folks, then Mr. Boller should thoroughly know that of which he writes; and he evidently does. Instead of the novelist's "brave" and heroine he has given us nature. Instead of impossible warriors, possessing impossible virtues, we have the actual life of an Indian village, with its houses, cooking, loafers, solid men, dances, winter quarters, hunts,

alarms, war parties, starvations, and of course, dogs!

Just in the proportion that truth is more attractive than fiction, is this story superior to Indian *novels*. And any one who, in his easy chair, desires the excitement of wild life, can find it in these unexaggerated pages.

In 1863 Mr. Boller crossed the Rocky Mountains and entered upon the scarcely more civilized life of a miner in the Montana gold region.

Those who have never dwelt in communities where the revolver is the only law, may here discover how it is that a vigilance committee is sometimes a mercy; while those who have been actors in such scenes, will vouch for the truthfulness of the narration.

The volume is published in very good style by Messrs. T. Elwood Zell & Co., Phila.

BOZZY.

An ardent admirer of the unrivalled Boz sends us the following ingenious jeu de esprit inspired by the contemplation of his visit:—

ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGERS.

Next month, should kind Heaven the party protect,
While at sea, from all perils and dangers;
New York from the "fast anchored isle" may expect
The following illustrious Strangers.

Messrs. Dombey & Son, Lady Dedlock and maid,
Martin Chuzzlewit (visit the second),
With jolly Mark Tapley, of nothing afraid,
The most faithful of servitors reckoned.

Dear old Mr. Pickwick, the Widow Bardell,
Sergeant Buzfuz, the eminent pleader;
With Tupper, and Snodgrass, and Winkle, the swell,
And Wegg, the historical reader.

Lady Tippens, Sam Weller, Sir Mulberry Hawk,
John Harmon (once deemed in his coffin);
Captains Cuttle and Bunsby, the tourist Smalltork,
David Copperfield, Pecksniff and Boffin.

Mr. Quilp, Mrs. Plornish, of Bleeding-Heart Yard;
Monsieur Blandois, renowned Beadle Bumble,
Lord Verisopht, Chuffey, whose brains rather jarred,
And Chadband, the unctuous and humble.

The lovely, accomplished, and bland Sairey Gamp,
In whom matrons so long have confided;
And that truest of friends, Mrs. Harris, the lamp
By which Sairey's footsteps are guided.

Wackford Squeers, the preceptor of Do-the-Boys Hall,
Shepherd Stiggins, and Fledgby, the puppy;
George Rouncewell, the "vagabond," stalwart and tall,
And the elegant young man named Guppy.

Micawber and Spouse, with those "fount"-nourished twins
That she never considered a burden,
Dick Swiveller—debts are his principal sins;
Mr. Jarndyce and thoughtful "Dame Durden."

Tom Pinch, the unselfish, the crazy Miss Flite,
The Barnacles, circumlocutors,
Harold Skimpole, the "sponge," Mr. Dick and his kite,
The Smallwoods and their coadjutors.

Little Nell, who is more of an angel than child,
Old Turveydrop, prince of deportment,
Mrs. Wilfer the stately, R. Wilfer the mild,
And the Kenwigses' youthful assortment.

Old Pumblechook, Shagsby, and Barnaby Rudge,
Little Dorrit, and Jingle the jester,
Poor Gustar, the clumsy, but trustworthy drudge,
And Miss Trotwood, the Donkey-detester.

The Nicklebys, Varden, Bob Sawyer, and Gride,
Who loves o'er his guineas to linger,
And Bucket, of London detectives the pride,
Who believed in his magic forefinger.

Squire Wardle, young Tremlow, and Oliver Twist,
With Noggs and the Cheeryble Brothers,
Must close the selections I've made from the list,
Though in fact, there are dozens of others.

One steamer will bring them—ye gods, what a raid
They'll make on the eggs and the chickens.
No matter, their passages all will be paid
By that prince of philanthropists, Dickens.

—*Sunday Mercury.*

☞ The losses of the South in the war, are estimated as follows in the address of the Conservative Convention of South Carolina:—"Their property in slaves has been confiscated to the amount of $3,000,000,000. Other personal property—in the shape of cotton, provisions, stock, plate, and money—has been captured or destroyed to the value of $1,000,000,000; and from these causes their land has deteriorated to the extent of $1,000,000,000—making in the aggregate the enormous sum of $5,000,000,000."

☞ We decline with due dignity to recognize as comic the conduct of a correspondent who encloses a slip from a foreign paper, recounting how an English clergyman applied turpentine and a lighted match to the caudal region of a cur, as a punishment for intrusion. And his offence is augmented by his inquiring whether the rapid run made by the animal after the application may be regarded as an illustration of the scientific theorem on "heat as a means of motion."

☞ As a means of checking prairie fires, from which the West is a severe sufferer, it has been suggested that a system of trenching should be employed by the prairie farmers. If generally adopted, it would, it is believed, substantially relieve them of danger.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Elections.

MINNESOTA.—In Minnesota, Governor Marshal is re-elected by a majorty of 5,386, but the negro suffrage amendment is probably lost.

IOWA.—The official return from Iowa foots up the vote for Judge of the Supreme Court as follows:—Craig, Democrat, 58,880; Beck, Republican, 90,789; Republican majority, 31,909.

MISSISSIPPI.—It is doubtful whether the Convention has been carried in Mississippi. So far as known only 14,851 votes have been polled, out of a registry of 80,971.

FLORIDA.—Nearly all the freedmen are voting in Florida, and but few whites. A large number of negroes are elected to the Convention. In Leon county, three out of the four delegates are colored. The returns show a decided majority in favor of the Convention.

THE NEW JERSEY ELECTION.—The Newark Daily Advertiser (Republican,) from complete returns of the recent election, states that the average votes of the two parties were the following: Democratic, 67,468; Republican, 51,114—a Democratic majority of 16,354; as compared with 1866, the Democratic vote has increased 3,467, and the Republican vote decreased 14,362. In 1865 the Republicans had 1,401 majority.

PURCHASE OF ST. THOMAS.—According to "reliable" authority, the treaty of purchase between the United States and Denmark, whereby the Island of St. Thomas is to be transferred to our Government, has already been signed. The price to be paid is fixed at $7,500,000. Prominent members of Congress express the opinion that the treaty will not be ratified, and if it should be, the House will not appropriate the amount necessary to complete the purchase.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.—The Tribune (Republican,) gives the full official vote of New York cast at the recent election. The Democrats polled 373,886 votes, and the Republicans 324,017, a Democratic majority of 49,869. As compared with the election of 1863, when the Republicans had 13,789 majority, the total vote has fallen off 20,938; the Republican vote has fallen off 42,208, whilst the Democratic vote has increased 21,269.

CONGRESS.—The Session opened on the 21st. The principal resolutions offered were the following:—By Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, a joint resolution, declaring the United States pledged to the payment of its public debt in coin. By Mr. Wilson, in favor of the repeal of the cotton tax. And by Mr. Robinson (of New York,) a resolution blaming our Minister to England, for neglecting to intercede for American citizens accused of Fenianism.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.—On the 18th ult., the French Chambers were opened and the Emperor Napoleon opened the session, as is customary, with a speech, wherein he affirmed that there was no longer any objection to German unity and consolidation on the part of the French Government.

He also referred to the case of Italy, and said that the Convention of September not having been carried out, he had been compelled to send troops to Rome to protect the power of the Holy See; but that nothing hostile to the Independence of Italy was intended, and the time would soon come when the troops would be recalled.

ITALY.—The speech of Napoleon, at the opening of the French Chambers, has had a good effect in Italy. It pleases the Italians, who believe the ultimate gratification of the wishes of Italy is implied in the words of the Emperor, if not actually promised.

Experienced engineers have laid out, and the Pontifical troops are actively engaged in building substantial works of defence at all the approaches to Rome, and these fortifications are rapidly approaching completion.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament opened on the 19th inst., and the Queen not being present, her address was read by a royal commission. Reference is made to the Abyssian expedition, the invasion of the Papal states; and Her Majesty expresses the hope that Napoleon will speedily withdraw his troops and avoid unfriendly relations with the King of Italy. The speech, in conjunction with Napoleon's to the French Chambers, had a tranquillizing effect, and has tended to restore confidence at all the principal political and financial centres.

Napoleon's address to the Corps Legislatif is highly praised by the London Times, which considers it the best and most sensible one of the Second Empire.

WEST INDIES.—The recent hurricane at St. Thomas, and other parts of the West Indies, caused the loss of 70 vessels and 600 lives.

CHINA.—Advices from China appear to show that the rebellion in that country is gaining ground.

Estate of the Late President Lincoln.

Judge David Davis, administrator upon the estate of Abraham Lincoln, deceased, has made a final settlement of the estate, in the Probate Court of Sangamon county, Illinois.

From the balance sheet it appears that, after paying all debts, there remains the sum of $110,235.91 to be divided among the three heirs, Mrs. Lincoln, Bob, and Tad—each of whom received $30,765.30.

It also appears from the schedule that the private debts of Mrs. Lincoln amount to $28.31, which, subtracted from her share of the estate, leaves $36,726.99.

Congress voted to Mrs. Lincoln the remainder of Abraham Lincoln's salary for one year, say $20,000, and made her a gift of $25,000 besides. So that the total amount of Mrs. Lincoln's personal fortune (not including the $40,000 worth of "gifts from her dear friends") is only $81,726.99.

☞ The North German Parliament, it is announced, has repealed all laws against usury. In the debate on the subject it was argued that a legal maximum for money is as absurd as a legal maximum for coals or corn; which would be true, if the law also made coals and corn a "a legal tender."

☞ There seems to be a strong counter-current of both German and Irish emigrating to Europe at present, on account of the high cost of living in America.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Children," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. P. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums *(in all respects)* as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

A New York Trick.

The following recently happened in New York City:—

This morning a committee from one of the target companies called on Mayor Hoffman, and told him that as they were going to have an excursion to-morrow, they would not mind having a prize or two. The company could muster 200 votes, every one of which it was intended should be cast for him.

The Mayor thanked them, and filled up a check for $100, whereupon the committee left, promising to call their company "The Hoffman Guards."

It subsequently came out that the same enterprising target company had paid a previous visit to Fernando Wood also, and gave the same assurances to him, whereupon Wood gave them a gold watch, valued at $90, with a variety of other valuables. When they left, they told him, as a mark of their high esteem, they would call their company "The Wood Guards."

It is presumed that they are also paying a visit to the Republican candidate, Mr. Darling, and to the Democratic-Union candidate, Mr. Authon, with what financial results remains to be seen. "London Assurance" is something, but what is it to New York "check?"

Moral: Never contribute to anything as the price of an expected vote.

PLUMP LADIES BADLY WANTED.—The New York Gazette concludes a plea for "plump women" as follows: "But whatever education your girls have, let us have less of it. American girls are notorious for their pallor and frailty, and tendency to wither and lose their charms at an early age. This country has no greater want, at the present time, than of plump girls and plump women. Let us have them plump and healthy, whether they know anything or not. We can teach their children what they don't know, if necessary; by all means let us have rosy, blossoming, solid women. The Pacific railroad is not half so important to the prosperity of this country as the aggregate avordupois of its women. The female sex of America ought to weigh at least half as much again as it does."

☞ The Hon. Robert Lowe, in his recent address at Edinburgh, on Education, stated that the learning of Latin and Greek was no joke, but that it is a joke compared with learning Greek and Latin grammar. Language is one thing and grammar another, and Mr. Lowe agrees with the German wit Heine, who said: "How fortunate the Romans were that they had not to learn Latin grammar, because, if they had done so, they never would have had time to conquer the world."

☞ The Pope, it is said, would, in a pecuniary point of view, make a nice financial operation by allowing the King of Italy to appropriate his kingdom. The Roman States owe a debt of $92,000,000, and the ordinary revenue scarcely pays the interest on the debt.

☞ A drought prevails in the interior of New York state. Letters from Lockport state that the citizens of that place are very much incommoded for the want of water. Weeks have elapsed since any rain fell. The cisterns are empty, and fears are entertained that winter will set in before a supply of water is obtained. The drought in Illinois continues, and it is stated that all the streams in the central part of the state have dried up.

☞ Dr. Livingstone is now known to have been alive and well, in Middle Africa, in April last.

☞ WINTER IS COMING.—Our Yankee friends are out sleighing. The rivers of Maine are frozen over, and navigation closed. The upper waters of the Susquehanna are also announced as frozen.

WOMAN'S HEART.

God's angels took a little drop of dew,
New fallen from the heaven's far-off blue,
And a fair violet of the valleys green,
Shedding its perfume in the moon's soft sheen,
And a forget-me-not so small and bright—
Laid all together gently, out of sight,
Within the chalice of the lily white:
With humbleness and grace they covered it;
Made purity and sadness near to sit;
And added pride to this, and sighs a few,
One wish, but half a hope, and bright tears two;
Courage and sweetness in misfortune's smart,
And out of this was moulded woman's heart.

Touching Appeal for Divorce.

The Vincennes Sun, a paper published in Indiana, publishes the following as a true copy of an application filed with the County Clerk, by a party living in the county in which the paper is published. It omits the name of the applicant:

"——— represents to your Honor that he is the husband of Harriet * * * *; that he has been for more than one year past a bona fide resident of said state of Indiana, and is now a bona fide resident of said Knox county; that he married said Harriet on the third day of November, 1859; that they lived and cohabited together as husband and wife until the 25th of August, 1866; that during this entire period of time he treated her in all respects as a kind, affectionate and faithful husband; that said Harriet, on the day last aforesaid, abandoned him, your petitioner, without any cause whatever, and went to Pike county, Ind., where she has ever since remained; that he has often entreated her to return home to the fireside which he has always kept warm for her; that he has ever kept a fire blazing brightly on the hearth of their humble home, and his arms have been spread open all this time to receive her to his bosom.

"He further says, and represents to your Honor, that he has written many affectionate letters to her, in which he has endeavored to soften her heart toward him; and one time he wrote her a letter, of which he here appends a copy:

'My dearest Harriet, why have you left me?
Sighing, weeping, all alone,
With none to talk to or caress me—
My wretched fate I much bemoan.

'My eyes are swollen big with weeping,
My nose is red and swollen, too;
I have in all respects the poorest keeping
Of any man who tries his duty for to do.

'Come back, O Harriet! I entreat you,
Come back and live with me once more!
Come back, and I will treat you
As I have treated you before.

'I say again, then, as I said before,
Come back to your Johnny so true;
Come and stay at your home as before,
For there is a light in the window for you.'

"And your petitioner says and further represents to your Honor, that in response to all his offers and entreaties she has refused, with scorn and contempt, to return to his home.

"Wherefore he prays your Honor will hear his prayer herein, and forever divorce him from the said Harriet.

"DENNY & REILY, *for Petitioners.*"

☞ The *N. Y. Independent* ("religious" radical) says of Mr. Stevens's letter, advocating the payment of the Five Twenty Bonds with Greenbacks, that it is "well-informed and patriotic," and "though rather rambling and garrulous in style, it is in reasoning compact, forcible, and logical, and its statements are indisputable."

FROM THE BOSTON "EVENING TRANSCRIPT."—BOSTON EXHIBITORS IN PARIS.—The following portion of a letter from Paris, recently received by a friend, will be read with interest by all those who take pride in the success of Bostonians abroad. The lady writer, (a German,) although an artist in the highest sense of the word, stands, by her social position, aloof from sympathies or antipathies such as sometimes misguide the judgment of even the fair-minded:

" * * * * * * * * *

* * But before I have done with musical instruments, let me say a few words in praise of those excellent Cabinet Organs exhibited by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin. Nothing like them has ever been made here, and our best organ manufacturers confess themselves beaten by that Boston firm. They have succeeded in imparting to their instruments the dignity of an independent existence, quite separate from the piano or the pipe-organ. The sympathies of our best composers are with those ingenious manufacturers."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues quiet. Sales 900 bbls at $7,50@8,50 for superfine; $8,50@9,50 for extra; $10@11 for northwestern extra family; 11@13,75 for Penna and Ohio do, and $12@14 for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $8,50@9 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The offerings of Wheat are small. Sales of 20,000 bus red at $2,40 for fair up to $2,25 for prime. Rye is steady at $1,70@1,72 for Penna. Corn—Sales 27,000 bus yellow at $1,44@1,45; 40,000 bus old Western mixed at $1,40, and 8,000 bus new Delaware yellow at $1,15. Oats—Sales of 15,000 bus Southern and Penna at 57½@78c.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing; small sales of Pork at $22 for Mess; $20,50 for prime do, and $20 for prime. Mess Beef sells at $25,50 for city packed family. Bacon; sales at 18@19c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 16½@17c for ribbed and clear Sides, and 13½@14c for Shoulders. Green Meats are selling at 15c for pickled Hams, and 10@10½c for salted Shoulders. Lard; sales in tes and bbls at 13@13½c, and kegs at 14@14½c. Butter; sales of old at 14@20c; new at 18@20c, and roll at 28@37c. Cheese; sales at 13@15c. Eggs sell at 25@28c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is dull. About 500 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 17½@18c for Uplands, and 18½@19c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

COAL—There is rather more doing. The cargo rates are $4,25@4,50 ₱ ton for White Ash, and $4,40@4,75 for Red Ash.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 8@8½c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8@8½c, and halves at 10@10½c ₱ lb. Dried Blackberries sell at 11@11½c. Pared Peaches range at from 15 to 22c ₱ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4 to $6 ₱ bbl.

SEEDS—Clover seed—1200 bus sold in lots from $7,50@8. Timothy—400 bus sold at $2,50@2,60. Flaxseed sells $2,42@2,50 ₱ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from 7½@8½ cts ₱ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 85 ₱ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 4½@6 cts ₱ lb. 5800 Hogs sold at from $9,50 to 10,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

From the Christian Examiner, N. Y. City.

The Great American Tea Company continues to be one of the institutions of New York. Buying tea by the cargo, and with remarkable facilities for distributing it all over the country, the Tea Company is doing an immense business, and we have had samples of its teas that were of the very best.

☞ The N. Y. Evening Post says, justly: "It is a good indication that the press generally throughout the country are discussing earnestly the great financial questions which are looming up most portentously before us, demanding a wise answer under fearful penalties. It is a better sign that throughout these discussions there seems to be so much fairness, honesty, and evident desire to arrive at sound conclusions. All propositions of national extrication from debt by dishonest measures have met with pretty general condemnation from the organs of both parties."

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CHAFES, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, THE DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Scrofula or morbid deposits in the lungs, joints and tissues. These medicines have rendered this disease a less formidable scourge than formerly. It has been incontestably proved that in Scrofulous affections they have effected thousands of cures. Sold everywhere.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL surpasses all other remedies in the rapid and radical cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption. nov30-2t

AN invincible foe to NEURALGIA, NERVE-ACHE, and all diseases of a nervous character is DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. It readily expels these complaints from the system, and prevents a return by stimulating and *toning the nerve fluid* to a healthy state. Apothecaries have this medicine.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. JOHN COOPER to Miss MARY E. TYSON, both of Germantown.

On the 14th of April, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOSEPH B. LOKE to Miss SALLIE J. TRICKETT, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, CHRISTIAN SCHRACK to Miss MARY E. COYLE, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. CHARLES C. MORRIS to Miss MARY E. FARLEY, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. A. H. Fernley, Mr. A. M. WAGNER to Miss CARRIE HILL, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. PETER LAVELL to Miss MARY E. DENNIS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, TOBIAS A., son of Tobias M. and Margaret Durney.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. SARAH R., relict of the late Capt. John H. Blye, in her 60th year.

On the 18th instant, ELLEN R., wife of Stephen H. Brooks, aged 27 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. CHARLES H. AUKER, in his 66th year.

On the 17th instant, AMANDA, wife of George Bennett, aged 24 years.

On the 17th instant, VIRGINIA CANNON, in her 20th year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ANN SHAW, in her 85th year.

On the 16th instant, JAMES JEWELL, aged 51 years.

On the 16th instant, CATHARINE HENNING, aged 82 years.

On the 15th instant, JOHN M. ROCKICH, in his 38th year.

A Winter Evening's Entertainment.

A Social Cantata. Words by Sidney Dyer, Music by C. A. Cail. This Cantata introduces the hearty pleasures which enliven our winter evenings, and possesses many attractive features which will cause it to become the most popular work of its kind ever published. It is easily "brought out," and cannot fail to afford satisfaction and amusement whenever produced. Price, cloth, $1.25; paper, $1. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical.")

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage should be Qualified, and *not* Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, *50* cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
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THE HOLIDAY JOURNAL

Of Parlor Plays, Magic Sports, Games, Experiments, Problems, Puzzles, &c., WILL BE SENT FREE. Address ADAMS & CO., Publishers, Boston.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 200 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
d×17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

JOE SMITH,

THE MORMON LEADER.

In the Rochester Union and Advertiser we find the following account of the peculiarities which marked Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, previous to the publication of his revelations:

"I knew him well before his book was published. He was then a wood-cutter on my farm, more willing to live by his wits than his axe, and worked through the winter in company with some twenty or thirty others, rough backwoodsmen. He and his two associates built a rude cabin with poles and brush, covered with leaves and earth, in the woods open to the south, with a camp kettle in front for cooking; and here at night around a huge fire, he and his companions would gather, ten or a dozen at a time, to tell stories and sing songs, and drink cheap whiskey, (two shillings a gallon,) and although there were some hard cases among them, Joe could beat them all for tough stories and impracticable adventures, and it was in this school, I believe, that he first conceived the wonderful invention of the golden plates and marvellous revelations. And as these exercises were rehearsed nightly to his hearers, and as their ears grew longer to receive them, so his tales grew the more marvellous to please them, until some of them supposed that he also believed his own stories. But of this fact there is no proof. He was impudent and assuming among his fellows, but ignorant and dishonest, plausible and obsequious to others, with succinct, low cunning to conceal his ignorance, but, in my estimation, utterly unqualified to compose even such a jumble of truth and fiction as this book contained.

"The most probable theory of its origin that I remember to have heard is, that it was the strange work of an eccentric Vermont clergyman, written to while away the tedious hours of a long confinement by nervous debility, and that this idle production, after his decease, fell into Joe's hands, and that having learned something of the gullibility of his cronies, this incidental matter incited in him the first idea of turning his foolish stories to account, and thus enable him to make the surreptitious manuscript the text-book of his gross imposition. I speak understandingly in saying he was shameless as well as dishonest, and I relate a small matter to prove it. During the winter he was chopping for me, I was in the habit of riding through the clearing daily to see that the brush was piled as agreed, the wood fairly corded, and no scattering trees left uncut, and in this way became well acquainted with the conduct of every man; and on each Saturday took an account and paid the hands. My mode was to ride around while each party measured their ranks and turned a few sticks on the top to show that they had been counted. In this way I one day took Joe's account, he accompanying me and removing the sticks on the top of each rank. After thus going the rounds and returning to the shanty, he said that he had another rank or two that I had not seen, and led me in a different direction in a round-about way, to wood that I had already measured, but the sticks on the top had all been laid back to their places. I saw the trick at once, and could only make him confess his attempt to cheat by remeasuring the whole lot; and all this he thought would have been a fair trick if I had not found it out. So much for the man in small things.

"After he left in the spring, I lost sight of him until my friend Judge Whiting, (long since deceased,) of the very respectable firm of Whiting & Butler, attorneys, who was then loaning money on mortgage for a trust company, asked me if I knew anything about Joe Smith. I told him that I knew him for a great rogue in a small way. He informed me that he pretended to be a prophet, and was about publishing a book of revelations, and had induced two credulous men in Palmyra to apply to him (Judge Whiting) for money on mortgage to publish it. I learned afterward that Joe and an associate had prevailed on a worthy citizen of Waterloo, Colonel C., who was then in a great state of depression from the loss of his wife, to join their fraternity and cast his lot among them; and that while they were at his house taking an inventory of his effects for the purpose, his son, a spirited young man, came in, and on finding what they were about, threatened them so strongly with a prosecution as swindlers that they left for the time, until his father had recovered from his delusion, and thus escaped them.

"I know nothing further of his doings here, but after his removal to Ohio, where he established a bank that failed, I was shown one of his bills, and I recollect on examining it I thought the device on the face of it was most admirably appropriate, viz.: A sturdy fellow shearing a sheep."

The Principle of Compensation.

In nature there are no real defects—all is perfect; but in describing what compensation means, we are obliged to adopt the language of daily life, and say that it is the supply of one part when another is defective. The crane, for example, has no web feet, and therefore cannot swim. But to remedy this deficiency, he is provided with long legs for wading, and a long bill for groping in the marshes and shallows. Thus, dark passages in the economy of the intellectual world find their parallel in the mute creation. When one advantage is given, another is withheld. How could the elephant, with his short neck, have fed on the leaves, fruit, and branches of trees; how could he have drunk from the brooks and wells if he had been left without a proboscis? This long cartilaginous pipe, with ringlets and fibres, is to him a precious compensation; he contracts and lengthens it at will; he turns it in every direction, and with its fleshy extremity can pick up even a straw from the ground. If animals could converse together, what delightful talk they might have over their several compensations! If the turkeys and geese were twitted with their want of teeth, they might reply: "Our gizzard is more to us than any teeth, and grind down our grain and grasses like a mill." The sheep, the deer, and the oxen might say to the horse and ass: "We don't envy you your foreteeth in the upper jaw, although you are so fond of them. You never ruminate, and know nothing of our pleasure in chewing the cud." If the sloth were upbraided for his tardy movements, he might offer this excuse: "If I crawled faster, I should die of repletion; my appetite is keen; my food coarse and hard. It digests while I travel at leisure from tree to tree. The spider would own that he lives on flies, and yet has no wings to pursue them; but he would not feel humiliated by the confession: "My web," he would add, "is a first-rate contrivance. The flies catch themselves, and I eat them. I can do without wine." But of all living things none would tell a more lively tale than the lobster. "Mine," he would say, "is certainly a curious case. The shell of my friend the tortoise grows at the sutures, and bivalves around me grow bigger by accelerations at the edges of their shell; but my coat of armor is so hard and complete, that I can neither expand nor unbuckle it."

Holland and the Dutch.

A genial writer is sketching for the London *Pall Mall Gazette* the character of Holland and its inhabitants. From his first article we take the following extracts:

Everything in Holland is interesting, and almost everything is queer. There is a piquant oddity in the artificial nature of the whole country; the sandy soil, which is a triumph of patient ingenuity and creative skill; the wind pitted against the water to keep the land from flooding; the canals instead of roads; the ditches instead of hedges; and the unvarying level of the broad flats, there being no such thing as a rising ground fifty feet high from one end of Holland to the other. Perhaps nothing strikes the English traveller in Holland so much as the want of stones. You cannot find so much as a pebble to throw at a dog—if, indeed, the Dutch dogs were not far too well behaved (which they are) ever to suggest such an outrage. You do, it is true, see in their proper places vast masses of granite and large blocks of basalt; but all these come from Norway, and are brought here at great expense, and economized as elsewhere people economize porphyry and marble. In fact, stones in Holland are as much an article of import, of foreign merchandize, of purchase, as wine is in England. Countless vessels arrive, or have arrived here, laden with no other cargo. Utrecht, Leden, Haarlem have an aspect at once, *rient*, venerable and comfortable, which offers a singular combination. The Hague looks like wealth and luxury embodied; probably it would be impossible to find in any part of the world a city which gives to the eye of a stranger so vivid an impression of established, assured, habitual affluence—of quiet, refined, perhaps somewhat lazy and sleepy enjoyment of life. Amsterdam has often been compared to Venice; but no two cities, with so many striking points of resemblance, were ever so strikingly unlike. Both rose by commerce, and have been as princes and monarchs in the commercial world; both are built on piles; both stand on what nature intended to be sea or marsh; in both, the streets are water-ways; both, alas, stink horribly in August. But Venice is of the past, Amsterdam of the present; Venice is clad in gloomy black, Amsterdam glitters in the gayest colors; the marble palaces of Venice are impressive with the solemn "vesture of decay;" the docks and warehouses of Amsterdam are enlivening from the spirit of restless enterprise which they embody; lastly, the one city is all bustle and activity, the other all brooding silence; the one has the splendor of life, the other the grandeur of death. But, perhaps, what makes travelling in Holland so singularly agreeable is the pervading air of comfort and content which is traceable everywhere. All classes seem well to do. There is poverty, but it is neither squalid nor despairing, nor envious and indignant. There is indigence, but it is well cared for to a degree unrivalled elsewhere. Every one seems industrious, yet as if industry were an interest and a pleasure, and as if in its hardest forms it still left leisure for enjoyment. No man seems "run off his legs," as too often with us. The peasant mostly farms his own land, and the boatman usually owns his own craft. He starts humbly, but gets on in life, appears confident that he will get on, and is not impatient to get on too fast, nor ambitious to get on too far. He generally manages to indulge in objects of taste, if not of luxury. His taste is sometimes peculiar, and what we should call vulgar and quaint; but, such as it is, he can gratify it. His windows and little plot of garden are filled with flowers and shrubs; and both are tended with loving care, though the flowers are often stiff and artificial, and the shrubs tortured into the most hideous and fantastic likenesses. His domestic animals, too, are all treated like children, and the very goats have a groomed and fatted air, quite unlike the gaunt animals you find elsewhere. The canal boatmen, whose boats are their homes, with a wife and a child or two always on board, contrive to give their cabins, small as they are, an ornamented look, as well as an air of inviting comfort, by coarse muslin curtains to their twelve-inch windows, and a flowerpot on the ledges. They will go through the most unceasing toil, but toil brings its sure reward, and they enjoy life as it goes by. As the world improves with them they buy a larger boat, sleep in a larger cabin, enlarge their aspirations and their sphere, but make no changes except of degree.

TURNER lives in Fourteenth street, New York, a man worth from three to four millions, the foundation of whose fortune was made by retailing milk, which trade he still continues. His chief ambition is to have the largest inclosure in the city, and he has it. It is three hundred feet front and one hundred and fifty feet deep. He steadily refuses large sums for the whole or any part. It would sell for a million or two, but so enamored of it is he that he has made a special clause in his will that it shall be kept in his family undivided.

☞ "Hans, where you got that knife?" "I finds him, farder." "No, Hans, I b'lieves you tell one big lie." "No, fader, dat is true—I is the luckiest boy as you never see." "Vell, Hans, I has to vip you." "Not cause I steals, farder?" "No, Hans, I vips you 'cause you so very lucky."

☞ If you are standing behind a man, how can you make him resemble the full moon? Call to him abruptly, and he will immediately *look round*.

The Bugle Call* at New Orleans.

BY WILL. WALLACE HARNEY.

[Among the incidents of the funerals in New Orleans there was nothing stranger or more terrifying than the music of brass bands that attended them.]

Out of the sobbing city's street,
And out of the hollow caves of air,
Prevailing requiems repeat
The cry of Rachel in despair;
Sob upon sob, and wail on wail,
The shuddering shrieks of victims pale,
Who start and shiver and scream aloud,
As the music rises like a cloud;
And all around,
And over them all, with a dying fall,
Flows the womanish, sorrowful sound
Of the wailing bugle call.

Death in the murk and mire and mud;
Death in purple and gold, and death
Thick in the old man's stagnant blood,
And death in the baby's fragrant breath;
Rough and ragged, or robed in silk,
Fed on the diet of rose and milk;
Or fed on the garbage and carrion stench
Of the reeking sewers' deadly trench—
On all around,
And over them all, with a dying fall
Flows the womanish, sorrowful sound
Of the wailing bugle call.

Death where the ocean's liquid blue
Copies the written stars above;
Death by the rivers rolling through
The broad savannah and clustered grove;
Death by the lakeside; death in the cars;
Death in the barracks under the stars;
Death in the low ground, death on the hills,
Lifting up its ten thousand ills;
And all around,
And over them all, with a dying fall,
Flows the womanish, sorrowful sound
Of the wailing bugle call.

The love that has never been satisfied,
The love filled up to the crown with love;
The high ambition never denied,
And humble patience that never throve;
Innocence pure as a bridal dawn;
Shame, dishonor and all their spawn,
Alike to the call respond in pain,
Cursing or praying, but all in vain;
For all around,
And over them all, with a dying fall,
Flows the womanish, sorrowful sound
Of the wailing bugle call.

Until the last great day of days,
When rolls the scroll of the parching sky,
And stars start out amid the blaze,
Like cinders falling from on high;
The dead shall sleep until that day,
When all that is shall pass away;
And earth shall shrink in all her caves
To give up her myriad, myriad graves;
And all around
And over them all this mortal pall
Lift to the breaking, bursting sound
Of the final bugle call.

—*Louisville Democrat.*

* By order of the authorities this music at funerals has been stopped.

WILLIAM HOOPER:

A RAILWAY STORY.

Six months ago, I was unexpectedly summoned to town by a letter from my London solicitors, Messrs. Smith and Son, on urgent business, the precise nature of which it is unnecessary to specify here. Living as I do some miles from a post-town, I do not get my letters till far into the morning, and it was only by dint of a hard gallop, that I succeeded in reaching the station at Bunford just as the mid-day up-express came steaming in. As I passed the bookstall, I called out for a copy of the day's Times, but was answered by a gaping boy that he had none—not in yet, or all out—I forget which. Being pressed for time, and moreover haunted by a vague dread of the five dreary unoccupied hours before me, I, with less than my usual discretion, flung down a shilling on the counter, and having caught up at random the first of the row of monthly magazines that came to hand, hastened to secure my seat in a first-class English carriage. The compartment in which I found myself was empty, but it seemed that I was not long to have it to myself for the opposite seat—I had taken one next to the window, with my back to the engine—was occupied by a gentleman's hat-box and railway-rug, and a portmanteau was stowed away underneath. The rug—I think I see it before my eyes now—was of a shaggy brown outside, lined with a running pattern of black and blue. The hat-box was labelled "*Wm. Hooper*, passenger to London."

The comfort of a journey, of a long one especially, depends in so great measure on the nature of one's fellow-travellers, that it is not to be wondered at that my eye dwelt rather long on the name, while I fell into speculations as to its possessor, and whether he would turn out a good, bad, or indifferent companion. Having scanned his luggage well, I proceeded to look out of the window for the man himself, for we were on the point of starting, and it was time he made his appearance. At this moment there came hurrying up a tall young man with sandy moustache and blue spectacles, carrying a carpet-bag, and an old lady with a dog in her arms. Both looked in at my carriage, and both passed on, the one up, the other down the platform, entering respectively the compartments to the right and left of mine. The only persons now remaining on the platform were the station-master, who was already giving the signal for our departure, two porters, and a bearded man who paced up and down with folded arms. Him I was disposed to set down as Mr. Hooper; but if it were he, he showed a singular indifference to the fate of his property, for the whistle sounded, and we were off, and he simply stood still and stared carelessly after us.

Plainly, it was not Mr. Hooper. But where, then, was the man? It was a question more easily asked than answered. I grew weary at last of watching his luggage, and turned my attention to the magazine I had bought at the station. But I could not get on with it at all. Story after story I began, and story after story I abandoned in disgust. I use the word advisedly, for it is with no slighter feeling that common-sense, perhaps common-place, men like myself can regard the tone that at present pervades this class of literature. At last, I hit upon one tale that promised to be sensible enough, setting out as it did with an account of the journey on foot of a father and son from Land's End to John o' Groat's House. But it was a mere deception after all. No further on than the third page, they lost their way in a wood, and took shelter in a small wayside inn, the Boots whereof was an individual so ominously described that it needed no large amount of discrimination to perceive that this story was going the way of all the others. Thoroughly out of patience, and apostrophising myself as a double ass for having thrown away a shilling on such rubbish, I tossed the offending book to the further end of the carriage. "How on earth," I said to myself, "can trash like this go down in this work-a-day world? and where do they find writers weak-minded enough to minister to so silly a taste?" Then, my eye falling on the luggage opposite, I continued: "They represent every trivial incident as tending to something of great moment. Something comes out of everything. If one of those wiseacres were here at the present time, he would make something out of that railway-rug, I don't doubt."

We had whizzed by four or five out-of-the-way stations at express-rate; now we were slackening speed considerably, and presently, bump, bump, we drew up alongside of the platform at the Tamwell Station.

Here we had a stoppage of ten minutes, to enable Northern passengers to lunch; a tedious delay to those who like myself had no better occupation for the time than walking up and down the platform. Among some half-dozen others employed in the same manner, one man in particular attracted my notice. He was below the middle height, broad-shouldered, thick-set, and red-haired. His eyes were small and bright; his face not a pleasant one to look at, conveying as it did a most unmistakable impression of craftiness.

"If I were a policeman," said I to myself, "I should keep a sharp look-out on that fellow."

His movements struck me as peculiar. He walked right down the platform, peering into one carriage after another, as though undecided which to enter. Having arrived at the end of the train, he turned, and came leisurely back towards where I was standing. This time he stopped for a moment at my carriage, and an undefined instinct made me watch him yet more narrowly. He glanced back at me, and for an instant his eyes encountered mine, then he turned his head, and walked on. A sudden idea struck me: Could this by any chance be William Hooper, who, having inadvertently got into a wrong carriage at Buntford, was now come to look after his luggage? But I dismissed the notion immediately; he was so evidently not a first-class passenger. The ringing of the first bell took off my attention, and I hastened to resume my seat.

"By your leave, sir," said a voice at my elbow, and there, to my no small astonishment, was the same objectionable individual, actually preparing to enter the carriage.

"Perhaps you are not aware that this is a first-class carriage," I said, in my haughtiest tone, and not budging an inch to facilitate his entrance.

"Just so, sir," he replied, with provoking coolness; and he proceeded to push his way in.

"It *is* William Hooper," was my mental conclusion: but this was negatived the next moment.

"I'll thank you to allow me to move your rug and hat-box to the next seat, sir; I wishes to see the last of a friend."

And, suiting the action to the words, he not only displaced the articles in question, but squeezed his bulky figure out of the window in such a manner as almost to fill up the aperture. It was very annoying; but by remonstrating with a boor, I should, I knew, but expose myself to a disadvantage, so I let him take his way, hoping that when the tickets came to be inspected, he would be sent to the right-about. But I was disappointed. Not only was the ticket he produced as genuinely a first-class one as my own, but the destination thereon marked was the same—Paddington.

"Odious!" I ejaculated to myself as the carriage was locked, and the train off again. "However, if he makes himself disagreeable, I can but change carriages at the next station."

I had procured a newspaper at Tamwell, and was busied in its perusal, when looking up suddenly, I caught my companion's eye fixed on me with an expression absolutely startling in its keen scrutiny.

Yet more startling was the immediate and remarkable change that came over his countenance when he saw that he was observed—his eye dropped; a dull, stupid expression overspread his face, and he turned his head away. However, I had seen enough to set me on my guard. After this, I resolved to watch him steadily, though without appearing to do so.

Acting on this resolution, I soon became aware, that, for some reason or other, he took considerable interest in the luggage he believed to be mine; in reality, the property of the invisible William Hooper. At least, so I judged from the circumstance, that although, so long as I looked his way, he apparently took no notice of either hat-box or rug, no sooner did I turn my head towards the window by which we were seated, than I was conscious—I may almost say instinctively—that both were subjected to the sharpest investigation from his foxy eyes.

I had really forgotten the existence of the portmanteau, when a peculiar *thud*, repeated at intervals, roused me to the perception that my companion's heavy heel was from time to time striking with some force against the leather casing. This might have passed for mere clumsiness, had not my suspicions already been excited. As it was, I could not divest myself of the notion, that he had some ulterior object in view, though what it could be was difficult to divine. I could scarcely believe that of sheer malice prepense he could wish to damage the portmanteau. Could he possibly be trying to get some idea of its contents; and if so, what sinister intentions did he entertain with regard to them?

Believing that danger of some description threatened William Hooper's luggage, I resolved—since he was not here in person to protect it—to take it under my more immediate surveillance; and, the more effectually to do so, not to disclaim that ownership of it, with which my companion evidently accredited me. I therefore said, as civilly as possible:

"You find that portmanteau rather in your way, I am afraid; pray, let me draw it out, and take it under my own seat."

"Not at all, not at all!" returned my vis-a-vis, eagerly. "It's quite comfortable here, sir: don't trouble yourself to move."

He was evidently as loath to part with the portmanteau as I was anxious to get possession of it; but I was the more determined to carry my point, which I succeeded in doing at last.

Shortly after this, we passed through a tunnel—a long one—in the course of our transit through which, suddenly bethinking me of ascertaining the security of the hat-box, I stretched my hand across for the purpose. I had just touched the encircling strap when my fingers encountered those of another hand; there was a mutual start, and both hands were simultaneously withdrawn. This was a disagreeable confirmation of my suspicion, and at the same time I felt considerably out of countenance myself—my object in feeling must have been so palpable, whereas, after all, the position of his hand was not very unnatural, sitting as he was beside it, with his arm, it might be, on the cushioned partition. Neither of us said a word, and presently we emerged from the tunnel close to Whitworth Station.

Our *tete-a-tete* ended here, and though I am no coward, I must own that I was not sorry for it. The two passengers who joined our party were a white-haired lady, in Quaker costume, who took the vacant seat next me, opposite Mr. Hooper's possessions, and an elderly gentleman in an Inverness cape, and wearing a respirator, who seated himself beside them by the other window.

As he appeared to be in delicate health, I ventured to suggest that the seat opposite would be less liable to draught, but he replied that it did not suit him to sit with his back to the engine. I then proposed to move the hat-box and rug, so as to vacate a seat further from the window; but this he also declined, saying he preferred his present seat. So I left him to himself, and he presently dozed off. His sleepiness seemed to infect my opposite neighbor, who, leaning his head on his arm closed his eyes, and soon began to snore audibly.

My lady-companion alone continued wide awake, and was very chatty and communicative. She appeared to be of a philanthropic turn of mind, and entertained me with accounts of various institutions she had lately been visiting; among others, that of the Whitworth jail. It was at this point in the conversation that a sparkle, as of a wakeful eye appearing just for an instant in the mass of red hair and beard reclining on the seat opposite, both warned me to be on my guard, and suggested the thought: "If my friend over there is not well acquainted with the inside of that jail, I am very much mistaken."

I think he must have caught my eye fixed on him, for, from that moment, the snoring gradually ceased; and by-and-by he began to wake up, in a very natural manner, I must allow. He took no interest in our conversation apparently, for he kept his face turned towards the window, and occupied himself in dotting down with a pencil, in a large pocket-book, sundry marks and lines. One would have almost thought he was sketching, or trying to do so; rather a novel experiment in a railway carriage, even in this age of utilisation of time.

The Quaker lady evidently adopted this view of the case. "Thee must excuse me, friend," she said; "but the motion of the carriage is surely not favorable to drawing. If thee does not take care, thee will injure thine eyesight permanently."

"Never fear for my eyesight, ma'am," was the gruff reply; "it has held out well enough so far, and is like to do for a good time yet."

"If a lady takes the trouble to concern herself in your behalf, you might at least be at the pains to give her a civil answer." I exclaimed, indignant at his *brusquerie*.

But he gave me no answer but a grim smile, and I felt vexed that I had been betrayed into addressing him. The lady's equanimity was, however, not in the least disturbed, and she quietly resumed the conversation as though nothing had occurred; our companion, meantime—the one who was awake—continuing to divide his attention between the window and his pocket-book.

"I have a little book here concerning the Blind Asylum at Northing I was telling thee about, that it may interest thee to see," said the Quakeress, taking a pamphlet from her bag.

I put out my hand to receive it, but at that moment my opposite neighbor, by some awkward movement in turning sharply round, jerked my elbow, and it fell to the ground. I will do him the justice to say that he had the civility to stoop down to pick it up; but he bungled stupidly about it, dropping it again two or three times, and when at last he really had it in his hand, retaining it to scan the title-page with evident curiosity, instead of at once restoring it to its owner.

I felt inclined to resent this as impertinence, but the lady took out another pamphlet, saying good-naturedly: "If thee is interested in the subject, here is another little book for thee."

"Thank you, ma'am," he replied, a little more graciously than before. "Hand it over to the gentleman, if you please, and I will keep this here one."

He *was* very much interested in the subject, if one might judge from the earnest attention with which he perused each single page; but it would seem that it was a little beyond his depth—he had not the appearance of being a well-educated man—for he looked up at the end with a peculiarly baffled and puzzled expression. With an odd sort of grunt, he folded the pamphlet into his pocket-book—I thought he might at least have offered to return it—and then set to work with his pencil again.

"It is a good work they are doing there," remarked the Quakeress; "one would be glad to forward it all one could."

A nod was the only reply he vouchsafed.

A SERMON IN NINE HEADS.

It was a drowsy day, dull and close. After a while, we relapsed into silence. We stopped at but few stations, and no fresh passengers came in to rouse us. Before long, my three companions all seemed to be dozing, and had it not been for a vague sense of insecurity, I should have followed their example.

Time went on. We were within half an hour of London, and nothing had occurred to ratify my suspicions. The first movement was on the part of the invalid, who, as we neared Chelston, our last stopping-place, roused himself from his slumber, and took down his umbrella from its resting-place above the seat. At the same instant, he of the red hair sat up wide-awake, though but a moment before he had been, to all appearance, buried in sleep.

The tickets are always given up here, and we were called upon to have them ready. The ticket-collector came round in a hurry as usual, took the four tickets, saw that the door was locked, and was about to move on, when the gentleman in the respirator placed his hand on the door, saying: "I'm for Chelston—let me out, please."

The man glanced back at the tickets in his hand, and read out: "Northsea, Buntford, and Whitworth—all for Paddington, sir."

"I know," said the invalid feebly. "There was some difficulty about booking me through to Chelston, and they told me a Paddington-ticket would do. The advantage, if there is any, is on the Company's side."

"All right, sir;" and he unlocked the door.

At the mention of *Northsea* being on one of the tickets, my opposite neighbor and I exchanged a momentary glance. I made sure I had discovered one fact about him—namely, that he had been in the train longer even than I had, and had only changed carriages at Tamwell—a circumstance which, I hardly know why, confirmed my belief in his being a suspicious character. As for his face, I confess I could not make out its expression; but he must know now that I suspected him, I thought. At any rate, we both looked a little conscious, I fancy; both turned our heads away, and to show we were not thinking of anything particular, both began at the same time a low whistle, the effect whereof, tunes and keys being different, may be more easily imagined than described.

The elderly gentleman had, in the meantime, effected his exit, and was on the point of going off down the platform, when my *vis-a-vis* unceremoniously clutched hold of him by the cape. "I beg pardon, sir; but if you would do me a trifling favor, I should be greatly obliged."

"If I can serve you in any way, I shall be happy to do so," returned the other; "but there is no time to lose—you will be off in another minute."

I judged from his tone that he was not overwell pleased with the style of address, and no wonder; but the unmannerly fellow did not seem to see it. With a careless: "That's just why I ask you," he scribbled a few words on a page of his pocket-book, tore it out, and twisting it up into a sort of note, handed it to the gentleman, saying: "Will you be so good as to take this to the telegraph-office? See, the door is over there. Thank you, sir. There's the shilling. Ask 'em to send it off at once, please." Then, by way of explanation, he added: "I'm bound to let my mother know I'm coming, you see. It might make her ill if I was to look in on her all of a sudden."

"I don't see that a telegram will mend matters," I muttered; but I don't think he heard me, and I did not care that he should.

The old gentleman made his way to the door indicated. We were off before he reappeared.

I began now seriously to consider what steps it would be well to take with regard to William Hooper's luggage on reaching Paddington, to which we were drawing very near. If, as seemed the most natural and straightforward course, I went off to the superintendent at once to acquaint him with the circumstances, I should have, meantime, to leave it to the mercy of my red-haired friend, who had already interested himself so much concerning it. And yet, what other course was open to me?

I was still quite at sea as to what plan to adopt, when we rushed shrieking into that Babel of sights and sounds, the Paddington Station. It was more than a year since I was there last, and it seemed to me more bustling than ever. Not that I could see much, however, for my friend opposite quite monopolized the window. I regretted it the less, that I now hastily made up my mind—no better course suggesting itself to me—to keep my seat until a favorable opportunity offered of securing the services of a porter, to convey the luggage in my charge to safe quarters. Having watched over it so far, I was not going to abandon it now.

The object of my suspicions seemed in no hurry to go; he retained his seat, his head still out of the window, till the lady rose, saying: "We are at our journey's end, if I mistake not. May I trouble thee to let me pass out, friend?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he exclaimed; and opening the door, he *sprang* down himself first, and then, with more politeness than I should have expected of him, helped her to alight. This done, he seemed in some perplexity as to what to do next. With his hand on the door-handle, he looked after her as she walked away towards the barriers raised round the luggage; then back at me; and finally, round and behind him. Suddenly, he darted off, and the next thing I saw him talking to a man in a snuff-colored coat at some distance.

I had pulled the portmanteau from under the seat, in readiness to have it taken out, but had not yet succeeded in getting hold of a porter, when my friend returned, alone, and offered his help, observing that the train would be shunted almost immediately to make room for another, and that I had best look sharp. There was reason in what he said; and considering that the luggage would be at least as safe on the platform as in the carriage, I thought it well to avail myself of his assistance.

The portmanteau was heavy—singularly so, for its size. We lifted it out. I placed the rug and hat-box on the top of it, and then I took up my stand by its side. My companion showed no disposition to run off with anything, but neither did he take himself off, and there was that in his manner I did not like. It was in vain that I gave him sundry hints to begone about his business; he met them all with the most impenetrable obtuseness, real or feigned, and kept hanging about me, never going more than a dozen yards or so from the place where I was standing. I was in an awkward predicament. I did not dare to leave my charge to call a porter, and they paid no heed to my shouts and gesticulations. Other trains were coming in, moreover, and taking off their attention. At this moment I observed a man coming towards us, who, at first sight, I should have said was the very same with whom my companion had been talking but a few minutes back; I had not seen his face very well, but the hue of his coat, and a somewhat peculiar slouch in his shoulders, were identical. But when he passed close to us, going on towards the luggage-van, and there was, so far as I could see, no sign of recognition between the two, I thought I must have been mistaken.

Presently, my quondam-travelling-companion, the Quaker lady, came up the platform, followed by a porter, who was wheeling her luggage in a truck; and he again was followed, rather to my surprise, by the same man who had passed us on his way down just before. This time, I particularly noticed both him and my red-haired friend. Their eyes met. Was I mistaken in fancying that they exchanged a glance of intelligence? The Quakeress nodded pleasantly; I raised my hat, and then called out to the porter to return for my luggage when he had disposed of that of the lady. The row of cabs was visible from the spot where I was standing, and I watched the Quaker lady enter one. Judge of my astonishment when at the last moment, after the luggage was adjusted, and they were on the point of starting, I saw the wearer of the snuff-colored coat, the same who had been following in her wake as she passed me, jump up, and take his seat on the box beside the driver! The porter did not return as he had promised; I suppose some one else snapped him up, and I was beginning to grow very weary of my position. For the last quarter of an hour, a policeman had been pacing up and down the platform where we were standing. It had struck me that he was keeping an eye on my companion—who was very possibly known to the police as a dangerous character—but it only just now occurred to me that I could not do better than make over to him the guardianship of Mr. Hooper's property. Accordingly, I beckoned him to my side. I half expected that my companion would have bolted on this, but he kept his ground.

"You wanted me, sir?" asked the policeman, looking rather odd, I fancied.

"Yes; I wish to give over this luggage into your charge. It is labelled *Wm. Hooper*, you will observe. It does not belong to me, but was in the carriage when I entered it. I cannot guess what has become of the owner; but it will no doubt be inquired after before long, so you had best give it up to the care of the Company. I recommend you not to let it out of your sight till it is safe in their keeping. I wash my hands of it."

As I said these words, I looked sternly at the man whose evil designs, whatever they might have been, I hoped thus effectually to foil. So far from looking abashed, however, he returned me a smile that was the very embodiment of impudence.

"Have you no tongue in your head?" he said rudely to the policeman. "Can't you tell the gentleman that you'll do his bidding?".

It was, to my mind, like a rat challenging a terrier; and I should have liked dearly to see him get a good set-down; but the policeman was too forbearing by far. Taking no notice of his insolence, he simply turned to me with a "Very good, sir!" and then beckoned to a porter in the distance, who obeyed *his* signal fast enough.

With a parting admonition to him to look well to his charge, I took up my bag, and walked off, very glad to be free.

I called a cab, and drove at once to my solicitor's office. I had got out, and dismissed my vehicle, when, whom should my amazed eyes light on, standing but a few paces from the door I was about to enter, but my late travelling-companion, whom I had left, twenty minutes before, by the policeman's side on the Paddington platform! There was no mistaking the man, though he affected not to see me. Beyond doubt, he had either followed, or not impossibly accompanied me.

Indignant at this espionage, yet uncertain how to act, I determined to consult my legal adviser; who, without more ado, sent for a policeman. To him I pointed out my obnoxious fellow-traveller, who was still lounging about the nearest lamp-post, and then, leaving him to take what steps he thought proper, Mr. Smith and I proceeded to business.

Scarcely had we entered upon it, however, when the policeman returned, and with elongated face and flurried manner requested to speak to Mr. Smith alone. To me he would not vouchsafe a word of explanation, and I had to wait in a small ante-room, in no very amiable frame of mind, while they two were closeted together.

The interview did not last long. There was an explosion of laughter in the next room, and then out came Mr. Smith, looking excessively amused.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, "whom do you think we have been setting this good fellow to watch?"

"How should I know?" I replied with some acrimony. "Some one who's no better than he should be, I'm quite sure!"

"As to that," said the lawyer, "I've never yet come across the man who was. But setting jesting aside—it's too ridiculous. Why, it's one of his own feather—a detective, with whom he has often done business: and the best of it is, he—the detective, that is—has bid him keep a sharp look-out on you, and not let you get out some back-way unobserved. He says you are a scoundrel, and a very deep one; and that the account you have been giving of yourself is all humbug."

"Preposterous!" I cried indignantly.—"You are making game of me, Mr. Smith."

"No such thing, my dear sir. Calm yourself, and I will explain. In the first place, I must tell you that he takes you for one William Hooper."

"Well, and if he does? What, in the name of goodness, has that got to do with it?"

"Just this: that William Hooper, or rather a fellow assuming that name, is suspected, on good grounds, of having been concerned in a robbery of jewelry at Northsea last night; and of carrying off his spoils with him to-day. This detective was put on the scent, and flattered himself that he had secured both his person and his ill-gotten goods. It is not to be wondered at, when you took such good care of his luggage, that he should take you for the man himself."

The policeman at this moment entered the room, followed by my late travelling-companion, who now, to my enlightened eyes, looked no longer disagreeably crafty, but simply clever and shrewd. It is not necessary to recapitulate all that passed, nor how Mr. Smith at last succeeded in convincing the detective that I, his client of twenty years' standing, was a man of the most respectable antecedents, and in no possible way connected with the so-called William Hooper. Suffice it to say that he was persuaded of the mistake in time, and that then we all had a hearty laugh over what had occurred. The detective even went so far as to read out to us the instructions received that morning, on which he had been acting. These were a few hurried lines, directing him to be on the look-out for a man travelling up to town, under the name of *William Hooper;* to get a seat in the same carriage, and keep a strict watch on all his movements; also particularly to notice any communication that might pass between him and any fellow-traveller, as there was reason to believe he was accompanied by an accomplice in the shape of an elderly woman. Hence the interest he had taken in my conversation with the Quaker lady, of which he had in reality been taking notes in a peculiar shorthand of his own, fancying that more was meant than appeared on the surface; and the eagerness with which he intercepted the pamphlet, which must have edified him extremely. It was left to his own discretion either to arrest the parties on reaching Paddington, or to let them go their own ways, following them up closely; by which means it was hoped he might be able to find the clue to some other robberies that had lately taken place in the same neighborhood. This latter plan he had resolved to adopt with regard to me, and had also sent a colleague to accompany the poor Quaker lady on her route, ascertain where she went, and whether she were truly that which she gave herself out to be. The detective had been staggered for a moment by my voluntary resigning the luggage to the charge of the policeman, but had thought it explained by the fact that I saw myself suspected, and hoped in that manner to get off myself, even at the sacrifice of the stolen goods. But if I were not William Hooper, where, then, was the real man? That was the question now uppermost in all our minds.

"There was one Northsea ticket," remarked the officer. "I thought I was sure of you then."

"That was yours, surely!" I exclaimed.

"No, indeed, sir; I got in at Buntford. Was in a hurry, and had not time to look about me till we got to Tamwell. It must have been one of the two others."

"Not the lady," I said. "I happened to notice her ticket as I handed it—it was taken at Whitworth, where she got in."

"Then there is only that fellow in the respirator.—Ha!" he exclaimed suddenly, "if I haven't been and let the right man slip through my fingers after all! What a fool I was not to suspect it!" And he quite ground his teeth with vexation.

"It can't have been he," I said. "He took no notice of the luggage whatever; and he cannot have failed to recognize it, sitting close beside it as he did."

"I doubt he knew me better than I knew him," replied the detective, "and thought it best to keep quiet. I might have guessed it, when he was so bent on getting out at Chelston; but, then, I was so certain it was you. And then to go and give him that telegraphic message to send off! He took precious care it should not go, no doubt. No wonder they weren't quite on the look-out for me when we got to Paddington. However, I'll have him yet.—Good-morning to you, gentlemen; there's no time to lose."

At the next assizes, the great jewel-robbery at Northsea came on. I do not, in general, take much interest in such matters; but hearing that my friend Smith was to be present, and feeling some curiosity as to the end of this affair, in one phase of which I had been so strangely mixed up, I made my way to the assize town.

When this particular case was called, two prisoners, a man and a woman, were led into the dock. I looked at them eagerly, fully expecting to recognize in the former the elderly gentleman who had been one of my companions in the railway carriage on that memorable journey to London. But no; he was tall, and young, and sandy-haired. Surely I had seen him somewhere before, though! And his companion? Yes, now I recollected. They were the same two, with the blue spectacles and lap-dog respectively, whom I had observed getting into the train at Buntford, just before it started.

The red-haired detective was present, and gave important evidence. The case did not last long, it was so clear against the prisoners, and both were convicted.

"You succeeded in getting hold of the right man at last," I remarked to the detective, when, the business of the day ended, he, Smith, and I met to dine, and talk matters over together at the hotel. "But you made a mistake a second time, I see. That old man in the respirator was not the fellow Hooper, after all."

"Don't be too sure of that, sir," returned the detective. And then he proceeded to tell me the whole story, so far as he had been able to make it out. How the sandy-haired young man, having got into an empty carriage at Buntford, had contrived, by means of the appliances contained in his carpet-bag, to transform himself into an old man, so effectually disguised, as to be, he thought, quite safe from detection. On returning to his own carriage at Whitworth, he had, however, recognized the detective, and seeing that I had appropriated his luggage, judged it wisest to make no fuss, but quietly decamp at Chelston.

I have not had occasion, since my adventure, to make another journey by rail. When next I do so, I shall take good care not to enter a carriage that contains hat-box, rug, or portmanteau *minus* an owner.

THE POET'S BOUQUET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE HEUSSY.

By day I steal from her with secret guile
Each slightest word, each little passing smile,
The quiver of a curl, soft courtesies,
The gleams, the shades, that flit across her eyes;
The transient rose that dawns upon her cheek,
The veil that playful breezes love to seek;
The echo of her steps, the perfumed air
That floats about her lips and dusky hair;
The very rustle of her trailing gown,
And make of these sweet nothings, thus mine own,
A poet's bouquet—Then at eventide
I seat me with my flowers the sea beside,
And on this fragile group, arranged by me,
Let dew and moonlight gather silently.
Glad as a child, with gesture and with speech,
I converse hold with all, with all and each;
Spell out her name within their cups of light,
Tremble, complain, shed tears of fond delight;
Say to the air, "Our voiceless language be,
Take her my heart, and bring back hers to me!"
Then, ere I go, my bouquet I undo,
Bouquet of hope and melancholy too!
Full-hearted, breathe its scent ethereal,
Touch every flower, and meanings give to all;
Caressing both the faded and the bright,
I count my booty still with fresh delight!
And when at midnight I retire to rest,
That cherished bouquet to my heart is pressed;
And while I sleep, her image ever seems
To scatter all its flowers amid my dreams!

A. D.

GRAYMEAD;

OR,

Episodes in a Quiet Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER IV.

That conversation ended with some earnest planning between Adele and me, and a walk down to the village that afternoon. The following morning, as I stood combing my mother-in-law's hair, in came Adele, wearing a long-sleeved, high-necked apron, and her bright hair pushed back in a net.

"Long dresses and baby aprons!" screamed Mrs. Frothingham. "Are you wild, Adele?"

"Never less so, mamma," said the girl. "I want something to do. May I crimp your cap ruffles? The nuns taught me to do it beautifully."

"Of all miracles! You give me a headache, you are so noisy," replied Mrs. Frothingham peevishly, "but you may do the caps once and let me see. Judith is so careless she half spoils them. Judith is such a trial."

"Mamma," said Adele half hesitating, "mamma, I don't think Judith is very useful. Suppose we dismiss her. There is a lady in the village who wants a maid, and will be glad to take her. And that will be so much saved."

"The expense is nothing," said her mother sharply. "I don't know why you should interfere. And pray what should I do without Judith?"

"I'll manage, mamma," said Adele cheerfully. "I can do some of the things, and poor old Dodd can do the rest. She told me yesterday she wanted more to occupy herself with."

"Dodd complaining!" answered Mrs. Frothingham. "Well, let Judith go then, though I see you want to wear my poor nerves out. But perhaps it will be best, and when Transitu comes maybe she will let me have her maid if I take a fancy to her."

So that little scene in the drama ended, and the point was gained. Judith left for her new place, with a scornful mien that made me glad to see the last of her. Berlops gave an amazed whistle and stared curiously at Adele and me as we stood in the door watching Judith go down the avenue.

"I wish that fellow might be next to go," murmured Adele to me in a low voice. I was half afraid he heard her, though it could not make much difference.

So Adele ironed and crimped the caps, often half losing temper over them, but never giving up, and the nuns had great credit for the result. I used to like to watch her at it, the color would grow so deep in her cheeks as she worked, and she would bite her lips determinedly. Once at a critical moment she burned her fingers with the hot iron.

"*Sacre-e-e!*" she exclaimed impatiently, stamping her foot.

I could not help laughing at that.

"Don't tell me the sisters taught you to say that!" I said.

"No, never," she replied with a deprecating gesture, "the sisters were always so controlled, they could not be provoked. But I learned some words of the old gardener when he found worms on the roses, and I used to say them in my heart whenever my thread knotted."

"There goes Berlops to the village again," I exclaimed suddenly, seeing him from the window; "if I had known I would have sent by him for some cotton."

"To the village?" asked Adele; "how do you know he is going there at this hour?"

"I see him almost every day," I said, "he takes a short cut through the willow copse."

The departure of Judith was encouraging, it seemed like a real beginning of retrenchment, and we began to make more plans. Mrs. Dodd of course was indispensable, but there were two maids in the kitchen, and the question was whether one of them could not be dismissed without annoying Mrs. Frothingham. The younger servant was both saucy and slovenly, and when as a first venture at reform I offered to teach her to make a better dressing for the fish at dinner, she replied that she "did not come there to be ordered about by the likes of a beggar's daughter." Adele overheard it, and ordered her to pack her things and leave at once, which she had to do. The other stood aghast, but the result was a slight improvement in her manners and in her cooking. So here was another useless expense stopped, and with inward satisfaction we reported the affair to Mrs. Frothingham.

"And, mamma, we really get along so much better without her," added Adele.

But Mrs. Frothingham sighed fretfully.

"It is easy to see I no longer rule in my own house," she said. "I don't so much blame the girl, knowing Jane's antecedents and all. But have it your own way."

Adele's eyes flamed.

"O, mamma!" she exclaimed, "how can you talk so to Jane, who is better than all of us! I won't stay. I can't bear it!"

"Hush, dear!" I whispered hastily, for I would not for the world have had any outbreak on my account. Yet these taunts were often hard to bear. I think perhaps one reason why I endured them so quietly was because at home I had become so accustomed to be patient with the children, and to refrain from hasty words. Besides I still hoped that Arthur's mother might some day come to love me. I wanted her to because she was his mother.

The days were flying swiftly away, and it was quite time to begin expecting Miss Hoffman. Arthur and Leo both now knew that she was coming, and Arthur was enthusiastic with pleasure, while Leo put on additional armor of indifference. I cannot say that I did not sometimes think uneasily of all that Mrs. Frothingham had insinuated, and yet it seemed as if I knew my bright, handsome Arthur too well to have a fear.

The day before Miss Hoffman was to come, Adele and I took a sudden fancy to overlook linen and count silver. It seemed to me like a thing that really ought to be done very frequently, but Mrs. Frothingham had long ago given up the idea of attending to it, and poor old Mrs. Dodd, though quite a household prop, was deficient in energy. But Adele, in her impetuous, school girl way, was ambitious to undertake every thing, so we found ourselves collecting keys, opening presses, unfolding and airing, while Dodd with a gentle, passive air, followed us meekly about. We found the house linen in pretty good order, though needing replenishing, and giving the keys to Dodd again, we asked for those of the closet and sideboard where the silver was kept.

"I haven't those," said Dodd, "Berlops has kept them ever since he waited at table, but I will go and ask him for them."

So she went, but it was Berlops himself who returned, bringing the keys, with that questioning, disagreeable look in his eyes which always made me feel disgusted with him.

"Very well, Berlops, you may go now," said Adele.

We counted spoons and forks, and found them both within four or five of the requisite number, but as Adele said, we must expect some to be lost among so many useless servants, and she only wondered there were not more gone.

"They must have been an honest set, or they would have stolen every thing and walked off," I said; "however, Adele, let's keep the keys ourselves after this."

"I'm going to," she said, nodding her head sagely, "here's the tea-set all but the sugar bowl. I declare, that was broken last time I was home, and I don't believe they've had it mended yet! But where are the tankards? I want to show you the two tankards that were my great-grandfather's, so massive, with the Frothingham arms carved on them, and all set round with rubies. And the drinking-cups to match, where are they? I don't see them. Mamma must have locked them away somewhere herself. I'll ask her presently, for you must have a peep at them. *Vanitas vanitatum!* it seems as if I could hear the old priests chanting; but, after all, an heir-loom of silver is a very nice thing!"

With our own hands Adele and I polished the silver and rubbed it bright with a bit of chamois skin. I showed her how, and we had a merry time, ending with tired and blackened fingers. But it made us forget time.

"Hallo! what *are* you doing?" asked Leo, putting his head in at the door, "aprons and rumpled hair, and it's four o'clock! I should like to know who is going to welcome Miss

Hoffman? There she sits in the library with her bonnet on, and not a soul to speak to her!"

Adele stared at him in dismay, and then we looked at each other and laughed, for the comic side of the thing came uppermost. When could she have arrived? We did not hear the coach wheels.

"And I am sure her letter said the 20th," murmured Adele.

"Very well," said Leo, "I shall send Arthur down to play host, and ring for Dodd to show her her room. Then she can go to my mother. But you two will be in disgrace, I can tell you!". And with that he retreated.

Yet what cause was there for confusion? When, a half hour after, I saw a tall, sallow-faced lady walking languidly down the hall of the north wing, simply clad, with weary, lustreless eyes, I thought to myself,

"Why have I been so agitated? There was no need, if that is Transita Hoffman!"

CHAPTER V.

"Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay and rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree."

That was how the ballad began, and I heard the singer's voice in a low, rich sweetness seeming to issue from my own chamber door, as I mounted the stairs, warm and tired from the kitchen regions. Adele had been in a panic about the dinner, so I went down myself to lend a helping hand, and what with basting the fowls and making gravy, I had found business enough, and could save only twenty minutes to rest and dress in.

And there was Transita singing in my room! seated in my chair, a costly India shawl thrown over one shoulder, her hair half falling, half bound up with jewels, carnation in her cheeks, slumbering fire in her eyes. And Arthur opposite her at his easel, leisurely painting his Cleopatra.

She rose as I entered, with proud courtesy.

"I should ask your pardon, Mrs. Frothingham," she said, "but this enthusiastic artist of yours, forgetting years and changes, would insist as of old upon my wearing costume and being Egyptian, merely because my hair is the color of ink."

"Ah, why do you move, Egypt?" exclaimed Arthur, "keep perfectly still. I want that *pose* of the neck!"

"I have been here two days, and see how he orders me about," she said, laughing.

"But do keep the position," I replied, "it will be such a pleasure to Arthur to paint his picture from life." And in my heart I began to wish that my hair was coal-black. I crossed over by my husband and laid my hand lightly on his shoulder. How the subtle fascination and vivid life grew in his Cleopatra's face with every touch! Miss Hoffman still sat, but she had left off her singing.

We were interrupted by a summons to dinner. Miss Hoffman went down as she was, looking like an Eastern queen, and I too had to go down as I was, in my old gray dress. Dinner was no longer the quiet little meal it had been with only Arthur and I—Leo had managed to dine at home of late, Adele was full of life, and Miss Hoffman, whether grave or gay, always made us feel the intense individuality of her presence. This too made us all more than usually sensitive about everything appearing well.

"How sulky Berlops looks," remarked Leo, when some dishes were removed, "I shall have to give the fellow a talking."

Mrs. Frothingham found it hard to be debarred a part in all that was going on in her house, now that her wished-for guest had come—but her long retirement in her room had made her really too nervous to leave it, so she had to be contented with a report from each of us every day. Miss Hoffman, who except under the pressure of some interest or excitement, seemed to court quiet, was willing to spend two or three hours each day with the invalid, telling her stories of her city life with her guardian, or giving descriptions of places she had seen in travelling.

I think it was the third day after her arrival that Mrs. Frothingham made the proposal, dreaded by Adele, of giving a party.

"It is so stupid for you, Transita," she said, "I want you to see all our nice people and have a little gayety."

"Oh, do not think of it, dear madam," entreated Transita, "I do not care for those things as I used. Indeed I hope you will not think of it."

"But you must see people," my mother-in-law insisted, "it is so dull here. Our visiting-list is quite run down since my illness. I believe the rector's wife has called on Jane, and one or two of the young folks have asked for Adele, but if they knew you were here it would create an excitement. We must give the party."

"Indeed," said Transita, gently, "I have no desire for such excitement. If you could only know how Graymead seemed offered to me like a refuge when your letter came!"

"But no company," murmured poor Mrs. Frothingham whose range of thought was limited.

"I assure you," said Transita smiling, "I desire no better company than yours, dear madam, and that of your sons and daughters."

"Ah, yes!" answered Mrs. Frothingham, turning to another idea, "Arthur's marriage has made quite a change, but Leo is a fine fellow, a good sort. How do you like Leo, dear Transita?"

"Very much!" said Transita heartily.

So the proposition for a party came to nothing.

This was one of Transita's sallow mornings. It was strange how her face would alter with the least kindling of the spirit behind it. In that very thing I think lay much of the charm. Sometimes when the sad enduring look crept around her lips and into her eyes, she seemed so worn, so much older than her years. I had learned that she was twenty-three. But music would rouse her, or paintings, and call a passionate glow about her at once. Then I could see what Arthur meant when he said he felt as if he had been eating Lotus.

I own that I did not feel at ease with Transita. In her plainest moments there was an elegance and ease about her, which for me were unattainable. I had never met any one like her before, it seemed so easy for her to give me no clue to her real nature, while I felt that she could read mine thought by thought. Her high-bred composure I should never gain, the intoxicating charm that lurked about her in the *abandon* of excitement, I never could copy, but Arthur seemed so one with her in it all, on such equal footing, that it was as if he were lifted away from me. Sometime she made me feel like a very sorrowful little Lady Burleigh indeed, unfit for Graymead and for Graymead's guests.

The picture of Cleopatra progressed rapidly, and I saw that day by day Arthur gained new power, new passion, in his outlines and tints. I used to sit a little way off with my sewing, while he tried to catch the charm of Transita's dark face and vivid expression, and something often blurred my eyes, so that I made sad work with my stitching, like poor Adele at the convent, when she used to keep breaking her thread.

One day I had been over to the village with Adele, on household errands, and the keen, cold air kindled life in our veins as we walked rapidly home. Adele was jubilant over our late domestic successes, and in a humor to be pleased with Transita, with herself, and with me. She bounded up the steps when we reached the house, and went carolling down the long parlors, opening all the curtains to let in the sunset glory. I went up stairs at once to my own room, wondering if I should find Arthur at the easel where I left him. But only Transita was there. Sitting by the eastern window, in the dimming light, her face profiled against the pane, and looking intently outward with a gaze that seemed to reach far, far away.

"Why, Cleopatra, has Antony left you alone?" I asked, trying to speak lightly.

"What made you say that?" she answered, turning slowly. "Yes, Cleopatra is left alone in Egypt." And there was a dreary intonation of sadness in her voice, that half stunned me like the dreaded revelation of some miserable truth. I was beginning to learn the gnawing, uneasy pain of jealousy, and with it was born the effort to conceal.

"You were watching from the window just the way I used to watch for Arthur when he was a long time coming," I said with a smile.

"Is it so?" she said, "is this the way wives watch for husbands? And does watching bring them? I saw you and Adele when you first came in sight on the highway over there, and I was measuring the time it took for you to reach the house after that. Fifteen minutes, I should think, fifteen minutes to go away round the park and up the avenue. So if Cleopatra saw Antony coming, she would know that in fifteen minutes more she might faint in his arms!" And Transita laughed—a forced laugh.

That evening! how well I remember that strange passionate evening! Inside, warmth, color, music, and the spicy odor of carnations; outside, the brown lawn, the bare trees, the moaning wind, and the cold, gray fog that by morning would be crystallized into heavy hoar-frost.

"Let us have a real tumultuous evening, crowded full of life!" exclaimed Transita, as we rose from the dinner. Arthur and Leo applauded and pressed closely after her.

"Be Circe and make us forget!" said Arthur.

"Ay, let us forget ourselves, let us forget, forget, forget," she chanted, in a semi-tragic tone, as if she were repressing madness.

She wore that night a black silk dress with a long sweeping train, that made her seem regally tall; and she had put on a little scarlet jacket, because it looked warm like fire, she said. And in her hair she wore carnations, scarlet double carnations, subtly fragrant. Arthur threw himself down on a sofa, and with his hands over his eyes to shield them from the light, seemed from beneath them to be watching her every motion. Leo looked longingly at the piano.

"I wish you would play and sing for us, Transita," he said.

"Somebody ought to play for *me*. Must I be Saul and David both?" she answered. Yet, seating herself before the grand Erard piano, so seldom used, she struck a few sad minor chords, and then sang through first that old song of heart-break,—

"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, the
holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay
keeping the Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride his
beautiful child, young Lovel's bride,
While she with her dark eye seemed to be the
star of that goodly company."

She sang it all through to the desolate end. Leo stood spell-bound beside her, while Adele clung to me in a transport of delight.

"I wonder how a bridegroom feels," said Transita, suddenly, "when he finds his darling turned to dust. Do you know, Mrs. Frothingham?"

Her strange questions affected me, I could easily have wept from a sort of nervousness, but of course I controlled the feeling there, and made some answer, half-jesting, half serious.

"I remember," said Leo, dreamily, "that when you were here years ago, there was a song you sang, French, Provencal, what was it! I used to listen for it outside when you did not know."

"When I thought you were forever training your hounds? I have forgotten that song; but I have learned another; one of Victor Hugo's, it is called "Cantibelra."

"Oh, sing it," pleaded Leo.

Arthur moved slightly upon the sofa.

"I call it my 'mad song,'" she said, "it is so fierce and eager, it consumes like fire. I cannot always sing it, but to-night I can!" And after a prelude among the lower keys, she began in a kind of lofty monotone which rapidly gathered variety and intensity, accelerating with the closing of each verse.

The following, though rather a free translation, may give an idea of the meaning of Transita's song:

"Cantibelra, the man with the carbine, sang
also:
Who has known the lady Sabina?
Who can say? sing, dance, villagers, the
night creeps over Mount Falu.
The wind that comes over the mountain will
drive me mad.

"Who of you has known Sabina, my Lady?
Her mother was the old Marguerine of Antequera, who each night in the Magne
tower cried like an owl.
The wind that comes over the mountain, ah!
it will drive me mad.

"The King said on seeing her so beautiful,
to his nephew:—
For one kiss, for one smile of hers, for one
tress of her hair, Infant Don Ruy, I
would give Spain and Peru!
The wind that blows over the mountains,
ah! it will drive me mad.

"I do not know if I love this lady, but—I
know well that to have one thought
of her soul, I—poor dog—I would
gaily pass ten years in the slaves'
prison under the bolt.
The wind that blows over the mountain, ah!
it will drive me mad.

"Dance, sing, villagers! the night falls.
Sabina, one day, sold all her beauty of a
dove, and her love, for the gold ring of
the Count of Saldagne, for a jewel.
The wind that blows over the mountain has
driven me mad. Ah! this wind, this
wind has driven me mad!"

Oh the wild passionate voice! that with rushing, wailing impetuosity, swept through the concluding lines. Then letting her hands fall on the keys, with a clash of discordant notes, Transita rose.

"Ah! she is so impassioned!" murmured Adele, shuddering in my arms.

"It is close here," said Transita, "I want to walk in the great hall."

Leo sprang forward, with eager entranced eyes, to offer her his arm, but she waved him back almost abruptly.

"No! not you, Leo," she said, "I want Arthur to walk with me!"

And Arthur came quickly. Leo looked after them with a blank disappointed expression that seemed to strike Adele. She went over by him, to the piano, saying,

"Never mind, Leo, I'll sing you something sweet and cool, as the nuns used to sing!" And with her clear, pure, girlish voice she chanted, in the original Latin words as she had learned them, the hymn of St. Hildebert:

"May Sion herself receive me,
Sion of David, the peaceful city
Whose builder is the author of light,
Whose gates are the wood of the cross."

I stole softly out while she sang. Down the hall away from me walked Arthur, with the lady leaning on his arm, the scarlet blossoms trembling in her hair. My heart ached intolerably; I wanted to flee away forever, for it seemed to me that my husband had forgotten me. Quietly I opened the front door a little way, just enough to slip out, and closed it again behind me. The cold night, the misty atmosphere smote me with a welcome chill. Feeling but one desire, and that to escape from their sight and questions, I wandered in the dark around the house, and mechanically took the old path eastward, through the shrubbery, to my favorite willow copse. How strange it seemed to be alone there at night! Many sunny autumn afternoons had found me dreaming there; at the foot of the old broken tree, but now it was a shelter to my sorrow and the darkness was my covering. I did not feel angry, but a sort of dull hopelessness seemed creeping over me. I had tried so hard to make Arthur happy, and to be dear to him; and now this Transita, by some strange spell of voice, of emotion, of expression, in which I could not rival her, had easily and lightly lifted my prize forever out of reach. What would become of me now! I leaned my face against the rough bark of the willow with a despairing prayer upon my lips.

Suddenly I heard footsteps coming stealthily through the shrubbery.

"It is Arthur or Leo," I thought, "coming to seek me." And with an involuntary desire to hide myself, I crept back a little behind the trees, where in the dark they could hardly find me.

The footsteps came nearer, and in a few moments I saw dimly through the darkness the figure of a man moving about under the willows. Going up to the old broken stump of the willow, he lifted himself by means of the fallen boughs around it, till his head was even with the top. Then reaching up his hand he dropped something down into the hollow space, and was letting himself down again when his foot slipped, and he muttered an oath that made me shiver. It was Berlops's voice.

I seemed to shrink within myself for terror, but he did not linger. He went back as he came through the shrubbery, and when beyond it, I heard him whistling carelessly till the sound was lost in the distance. I waited for full fifteen minutes after all was still, and then made my way out softly and fearfully, and favored by the misty darkness made my way back to the house. All were as I left them, they had not missed me I thought bitterly. Adele was singing to Leo, and Arthur still paced slowly up and down the hall, with Cleopatra leaning on his arm. But the carnations were fading, and the rich glow had died out on her cheek. She looked tired and sad.

CHAPTER VI.

I did not mention that night what I had seen, for it would have betrayed myself also. But very early the next morning, knowing that Leo would be the earliest astir, I lay in wait for him in the library, and when he came in, somewhat graver than his wont, I told him all.

He listened with an amazed incredulous look, till I had repeated the story twice.

"How came you down there, Jane?" he asked then.

"I wanted to walk by myself a little while, Leo," I answered, knowing that with him I must be truthful, but turning my face from his gaze.

"Come then," he said, "let us see if you have not been dreaming. Upon my word though, the more I think of it the more probable it seems!"

So we walked down the lawn, with the frost still white beneath our feet, and I showed him the way to the willow-copse.

"Why, I did not know there was so romantic a spot on the grounds!" he exclaimed, admiringly; "so this is your favorite haunt, Jane?"

He climbed up then by means of the fallen tree so that he could look down into the hollow trunk, and reaching his arm away down inside of it, he brought up a parcel, which upon inspection proved to be a few old forks with armorial bearings. Again he brought to light two bracelets studded with jewels, the long unused property of Mrs. Frothingham.

"It seems we have struck upon a mine," he said, coolly; "I see more silver gleaming down there! Now, Jane, just go back to the house and say nothing. I will go to the village immediately for an officer, and arrest Berlops, while he is innocently passing bread and butter. Then, hey! won't there be a scene!"

So I strolled home again, diplomatically approaching the house from the west instead of the east, and had plenty of time to see that the rolls were nicely baked for breakfast. Adele came down stairs with a hop, skip and jump, singing a matutinal "Ave," a full half hour before Miss Hoffman descended, late and languid. It was one of her sallow mornings. Arthur looked at her, and then at me.

"Where have you been so early, getting pink cheeks, little wife?" he asked kindly, putting his arm around me.

It never took many words from Arthur to make me perfectly happy, so I sat down to breakfast with a light heart.

"Where can Leo be?" asked Adele, wonderingly. "Won't you knock at his door, Berlops?"

But Berlops went on a vain errand.

"Are you chilly, Transita?" inquired Arthur, "you do not look warm."

"I ought to be warm, and bright, and merry this morning," she answered, "it is my birth-day morning; I am twenty-four at last!"

"At last?" repeated Adele, questioningly.

"Yes! Don't you know I enter upon my fortune to-day? My guardian was to hold it all until my twenty-fourth birth-day; and he has hampered me with conditions till I was like a serf. But now I am free, free!" And her voice took an exultant tone.

"Dear me, what a blessing it is to have rich godmothers in Spain!" said Adele, with a laugh.

"I don't know," Miss Hoffman replied, doubtfully, "I am not sure whether it is a blessing or a curse!"

"What's going on out in the hall!" exclaimed Arthur, suddenly, and he went to the door. We all knew what was going on in an instant more, for there stood a stout officer hand-cuffing Berlops. So that mystery was over at last, and great was the commotion from one end of the house to the other.

In that hollow trunk he had concealed his spoils, meaning, no doubt, to disappear with them all at last. There were the missing tankards, the goblets, stray spoons, and forks, and an old silver inkstand, with many other valuable trinkets. A busy time Adele and I had the next day, polishing and making them bright again. Mrs. Frothingham grew actually vigorous in the excitement of the revelation.

"To think," she said over and over, "that I have lived to become the victim of a common thief. I do believe that saucy Judith was in league with him all the while. Jane, see if my jewel-case is in that lower drawer; and do have the silver all carried up to your room, nights, after this. I do believe you are the most capable person in the house, after all!"

"Oh!" interrupted Leo, "I brought the letters up from the village as I came. Here are two or three for you, Transita."

She grasped them eagerly, and the light flew into her eyes as she turned them over to see the superscriptions. Then she went away by herself to read them, while the rest of us pursued the topic of Burlops. He had been carried off to prison, and the day of his depredations was over for years at least, unless stone and iron failed to do their duty. We considered ourselves in wonderful good fortune to have escaped with no more actual loss.

"And I am sure we all ought to thank you, Jane," said Adele. But Arthur looked a little thoughtful, and drawing me apart, he asked,

"What made you go down there, all alone in the dark, Jane?"

"Because I was so lonely that evening," I said, with some confusion. He scanned my face narrowly.

"Well, now, don't you think you were a little bit silly?" he demanded.

"I don't know that yet," I answered, shaking my head, and then I began to look for Mrs. Frothingham's jewel-case. It lay quite safe in a corner of the drawer, under some shawls, and taking it out I handed it to her.

"Ah!" she said, opening it, "here are all the family jewels. See how the rubies glow, and that turquoise set is rather pretty. But the diamonds, they are the glory; when Leo marries I shall give them to his bride. Do you hear me, Transita?"

Transita was approaching us, with the soft light of happiness suffusing her expressive face, an open letter in her hand.

"Congratulate me, dear madam!" she said joyfully, "and pardon me that I have kept my secret from you. I must leave you to-morrow, for my husband is going to the city for me, and I must meet him there!"

Her husband? That was like a thunderbolt to us all. Mrs. Frothingham was the first to recover.

"And pray how long is it," she asked coldly, "since your bridal, Madame——I cannot say who?"

"Madame Lopez, Transita Lopez," she answered unheeding; "we were married two years ago, but have never met since, because we feared my guardian's anger, and he could have made me trouble with my inheritance. But I am twenty-four, and Miguel comes for me this week. He was my godmother's kinsman, and she should have left her wealth to him and not to me, but that does not matter now!"

"Aha! I see," said Mrs. Frothingham in a mocking voice, "he wooed you that he might get back the doubloons. A fickle, mercenary Spaniard, that's Transita Hoffman's choice. What will you do when he beats you and deserts you?"

"Kill him, or go on the stage and forget him!" said Transita vehemently; "but no, that will never be," she added, her voice softening, "and you would not have spoken so to me, Mrs. Frothingham, if you knew all I have suffered. Now we are going to be happy, Miguel and I, and I shall get me a blue jay to pet, and sit at my husband's knee, singing ballads, like somebody I know in this house!" And she looked at me with a bright smile that melted my heart.

"Here, Jane," said Mrs. Frothingham, "you may keep these turquoises if you like. Blue is becoming to you. I do hate yellow skins. Good-bye, Madame Lopez, I suppose I shall not see you again, and I want to take my nap."

CHAPTER VII.

So Transita went. We have never seen her since, but once we heard, long ago, that she had gone to Spain with her husband to live there. I sometimes think I would like to know what kind of a life her warm, artful temperament has worked out for her.

Years have passed since these little episodes in my early residence at Graymead, and Arthur and I are still here. Still he paints at his easel by the east window, and I come and go in perfect content. I am housekeeper now, for poor old Dodd is dead, and Mrs. Frothingham more than ever a confirmed invalid in her room. But my mother-in-law loves me now, and the old fretful ways are almost gone. She will spend long hours with me, talking pleasantly about her early life, and the babyhood of her children, and more and more in her old age I see shining out the sweet, winning traits that mark Adele and Arthur.

It is Graymead still, silent Graymead, with its willows and its mists, but the sunshine finds its way in and out now. After the affair with Berlops, Leo seemed roused to energy, and declared that his conscience smote him for the days he had given to the hunt, and for all the neglect from which the estate had suffered. So slowly and steadily, year by year, he has been bringing back the old time prosperity to the house of Graymead. He says that he shall never marry, and I believe that he never will.

But you have not heard about Arthur's Cleopatra. It went to the Exhibition the next spring, Transita's face idealized upon canvas, and there it struck the fancy of a gentleman, who bought it at a price that made Arthur and me feel independent for a year, and by the end of the year there were more pictures painted that went out into the world to seek their fortune too. Once when Arthur had gone away to a distant city for a few days to negotiate a sale, he came home again on horseback. I saw him away down the avenue, the horse trotting briskly along, and I called Adele to witness the wonderful sight.

To my surprise, she leaped down the stone steps, I should think six at a time, and flinging her arms around the horse's neck, began to sob and laugh all in a breath.

"O, my darling, darling Marjorie!" she cried.

I do not think anything ever pleased me more in my life. Arthur had seen the horse, on his journey, recognized it, and bought it with the money he got for his picture. So it was our gift to Adele, and I never in my life was so delighted with giving as that day when we gave back Marjorie to that dear girl.

But Marjorie has gone to another home now, gone with her mistress, for Adele is married and happily settled in a home of her own. She was the heroine of as sweet a romance as ever was written upon Life's pages. But that belongs to her own history, not mine.

So we live on at Graymead, quietly and happily. I seldom go farther away from it than to the little village of Lammerton, but all the world I want is within the stone walls of the Frothingham manor. One day a city lady who came to call with the rector's wife, said wonderingly,

"Never go away? never care for gay society? Why, what a gray, sombre life you are leading!"

I have thought of that many times. Is it so gray? Were there more brilliant, more glowing possibilities in life, of which I have missed? I think not many. Once I rebelled, but now I have lost the desire for change; this is my life, this is its picture, painted in cool, quiet tones, and I do not regret the dazzling colors that are not here. Arthur's people are indeed become mine own people, I am needed, I am loved, and it seems to me that every day my husband holds me dearer. Is not that crown enough for life? Let the world go by. I will abide here in the hidden sunshine, and live out this sweet, gray life, in the old stone mansion of Graymead.

Extemporaneous Preaching.

When I went to College, it seemed to me I should never be able to say a word in public without writing. But I soon determined that I was going to be a preacher, and particularly if I wanted to be anything like a successful preacher, I *must* form the habit of extemporaneous address. So I went into my room, locked the door, placed the Bible before me on a mantel, opened it at random, and then on whatever passage my eye chanced to rest, proceeded to deliver a discourse of ten minutes. This practice was kept up for an entire twelve months. Every day, for a whole year, ten minutes were given to that kind of speaking in my own room by myself. At first I found it very difficult to speak so long right to the point. But then if I couldn't talk on the subject I would talk *about* it—making good remarks and moral reflections—being careful to keep up the flow, and say something, to the end of the term allotted for the exercise. At the end of the twelve months, however, I found I could not only speak with a good degree of fluency, but that I could hold myself strictly to the subject in hand. You take this course. Don't do your practising on an audience. This is outrageous. No man ought for a moment to think of inflicting himself on an assembly of people, until he has gone through a course of training, such as I have indicated, by himself. But you can learn to speak without notes if you will try.—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

☞ THINK OF THE POOR.—The leafless trees and hollow winds whisper the approach of winter. To the rich, winter can bring no real terrors, but to the poor it presents a thousand frowns, and robs them of a thousand comforts. Think of the poor, and let all who can, aid in preparing them to meet the dreary winter storms.

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NOTE.—This is the largest Clothing House in the city, and so well organized, that it has no superior in the United States. Reasonable Prices, First Class Workmanship, and Reliability, are the features of the house. Orders by mail have special care. Samples sent when desired. oct10-3m

THE SECOND SESSION OF LECTURES in the PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY commences Jan. 1st, 1868. Located, NINTH AND LOCUST.—The above Institution has been thoroughly reorganized, and holds four sessions of lectures each year, embracing ten months of medical instruction. Under the new organization students can enter the College at any time during its session. No previous medical study is required, as all branches of medicine are taught. It has an able corps of professors and teachers, thus furnishing facilities for a regular and thorough medical and surgical education. Perpetual scholarship to the University $75 for first course, and $50 for second course students. W. PAINE, M. D., Dean, nov23-1y UNIVERSITY BUILDING, Philada.

"RICH," "RACY," "PROFOUND," Read THE NEW ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY for 1868. Contains: Marriage of Cousins; its effects. Whom and when to marry. Right age. Jealousy in all its phases, with causes and cure. Distinguished characters, with portraits. Bismarck, Disraeli, Victor Hugo, the Hon. Henry Wilson, Miss Braddon, Kings and Queens. "Two Paths in Womanhood." Illustrated. "How to Read Character," 80 pages, handsomely printed, 25 cents. Newsmen have it. Sent post by S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York, or J. L. CAPIN, Philadelphia. nov30-2t

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Your Clothing with the Patent

INDELIBLE PENCIL!

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-cowly

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AGENTS WANTED.—Our agents say there is more money made and better satisfaction given selling BARBER'S PATENT PICTURE HOLDER, than any other agency business known. Descriptive Circular sent free. Address A. BARBER & BRO., nov23-3t Fort Byron, Ills.

528 MILES OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, RUNNING WEST FROM OMAHA ACROSS THE CONTINENT, ARE NOW COMPLETED.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company have built a longer line of railroad in the last eighteen months than was ever built by any other company in the same time, and they will continue the work with the same energy until completed. The Western Division is being pushed rapidly eastward from Sacramento by the Central Pacific Company of California, and it is expected that

THE ENTIRE GRAND LINE

to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870. MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE WORK HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE WHOLE LINE IS NOW IN RUNNING ORDER, AND MORE LABORERS ARE NOW EMPLOYED UPON IT THAN EVER BEFORE. More than

FORTY MILLION DOLLARS IN MONEY

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for its most vigorous prosecution.

The Union Pacific Company therefore offer their First Mortgage Bonds to the public with the assurance that they represent one of the largest and most valuable corporate properties in the world. The first question asked by an investor is, "Are the bonds safe?" The second, "Are they profitable?" To answer, in brief:

1. The early completion of the whole line is as certain as any future business event can be.

2. The Union Pacific Railroad Bonds are issued upon what promises to be one of the most profitable lines of railroad in the country. For many years it must be the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, and being without competition, it can maintain remunerative rates.

3. The net earnings of the sections already finished are *several times greater* than the gold interest upon the First Mortgage Bonds upon such sections, and if not another mile of the road were built, the part already completed would not only pay interest and expenses, but be profitable to the Company.

4. The Union Pacific Railroad Bonds can be issued only as the road progresses, and therefore can never be in the market unless they represent a *bona fide* property.

5. Their amount is strictly limited by law to a sum equal to what is granted by the U. S. Government, and for which it takes a *second* lien as its security. This amount upon the first 517 miles west from Omaha is only $16,000 per mile.

6. The fact that the U. S. Government considers a second lien upon the road a good investment, and that some of the shrewdest railroad builders of the country have already paid in five millions of dollars upon the stock (which is to them a third lien), may well inspire confidence in a first lien.

7. Although it is not claimed that there can be any better securities than Governments, there are parties who consider a first mortgage upon such a property as this the very best security in the world, and who sell their Governments to re-invest in these bonds—thus securing a greater interest.

8. As the Union Pacific Railroad Bonds are offered for the present at ninety cents on the dollar, and accrued interest, they are the cheapest security in the market, being more than fifteen per cent. less than United States stocks.

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Over Nine Per Cent. Interest.

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In Wilmington, Delaware, by
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CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, No. 7 Nassau Street.
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and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States. Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP, showing the progress of the work, and resources for construction, etc., may be obtained of the Company's advertised Agents, or will be sent free on application.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
nov20-4t NEW YORK.

PRINCE & COS. AUTOMATIC ORGANS AND MELODEONS. Forty thousand are now in use BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

aug31-6m

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EMPLOYMENT!—$10 A DAY AND EXPENSES PAID. Circulars *free*. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me. oct26-3m

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

32,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Skelton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lots, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the CLUB. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packets for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 75c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 60c., 80c., $1, $1 10, best, $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₱ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 35c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 60c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 3, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant,

DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lbs.	Japan	J. Havens.	at $1 25	$5 00
5 do	do	do	at 1 00	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at 1 50	1 50
1 do	Japan	S. Curtis	at 1 25	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw	at 1 00	1 00
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	1 00
5 do	do	R. McCargen	at 1 25	5 25
2 do	Green	do	at 1 25	2 50
4 do	do	Wm. Barraford	at 1 25	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	A. B. Perkins	at 1 50	1 50
and 10 others—total				$31 00

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BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are agents or imitators. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.;

NEW YORK.

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CURES ARE OFTEN EFFECTED BY SIMPLE MEANS.

LET THE INTERESTED READ.

Pain of the Back, Chest, and Side.

When there is pain, upon pressure or without, especially of the ribs, of the sacrum or breast bone—in aching from sprains or bruises—in stitches and cricks of the side, kidneys, &c.—in local affections, where strength or support are needed,

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER

AFFORDS PERMANENT RELIEF.

Being flexible, they give no trouble, are wonderfully preventive of

Coughs, Colds, and Sore Throats,

and no application sooner relieves these troublesome maladies.

HISTORY OF, &c., &c.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the result of studies and experiments of Dr. Scheent of S. C., of Dr. Wm. Wagstaff, now Baron Wagstaff, of Horace H. Day, the distinguished manufacturer of rubber goods, and of Thomas Allcock, Chemist and Member of the College of Pharmacy of New York, now Col. Allcock, &c., &c.

Medical men of all schools are unanimous in their favor.

HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 11, 1864.

MESSRS. T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

Please send, with despatch, twelve dozen Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a Plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay $5 for a single Plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated Plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted, while the perforations peculiar to them rendered them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the Plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

J. W. JOHNSON, M. D.

ALLENTOWN, PA., April 4, 1863.

MESSRS. T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

DEAR SIRS: My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side, and it cured her in one week.

Yours truly,
JOHN V. N. HUNTER.

An Important Letter.

SHELL OAK, YORKTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1866.

T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

GENTLEMEN:—I have been troubled with a lame back over ten years, so as to be entirely helpless and unable to do any kind of hard work. In June last I procured one of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and wore it three weeks, when I found my back entirely cured, and was able to mow and cradle as well as ever I could in my best days.

STEPHEN PUGSLEY.

The Really Great Plaster,

ALLCOCK'S POROUS

has the compactness of kid, and the flexibility of a silk glove.

Dr. I. T. Henderson's Letter.

FARNVILLE, LA., March 8, 1859.

DR. T. ALLCOCK—Sir: I have been suffering under a severe attack of neuralgic disease of my bowels for years, with hypertrophy of the heart, and have tried everything known to the practice of medicine from the very best M. D.'s; but truth prompts me to say that your plasters have given me more permanent relief than anything else I have used, and I believe will produce a perfect cure.

The Counter-Irritant effect of your plasters is produced in such a mild and gradual way, they so invigorate the circulation around the parts to which they are applied, and exert upon all nervous diseases such a great sedative influence, that I place them confidently at the head of every plaster now in use.

Yours, very truly,
I. T. HENDERSON, M. D.

Sore Chest and Cough Cured.

DR. ALLCOCK:

SIR:—In May last I was visiting my cousin in Corning, who got me one of your POROUS PLASTERS for my chest. I was so sore through me at the time I could hardly speak or breathe. It was not more than three hours after I put it on before I felt comfortable. I had suffered very much from soreness of the chest, with cough and hoarseness, for months; but your plaster has cured me, and my health is better than it has been for years.

Yours, respectfully,
PHEBE PATCHER.

BEAVER DAM, Schuyler Co., N. Y., Sept. 14, 1866.

Cure of Crick in the Back and Lumbago.

LYONS, N. Y., July 4, 1867.

MESSRS. ALLCOCK & CO.—Please send me a dollar's worth of your plasters. They have cured me of a crick in the back which has troubled me for some time, and now my father is going to try them for difficulty about the heart. L. H. SHERWOOD.

Where One was Sold a few Years ago, a Thousand Are Sold Now.

They strengthen, warm, and invigorate the part upon which they are applied, and relieve nervous affections of the bowels, lumbago, pains of the side, and usually all local pains. In affections of the kidneys they are of great service.

Lame Back.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22, 1859.

T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

GENTLEMEN:—I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your plasters much recommended for cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all I could desire. A single Plaster cured me in a week.

Yours respectfully,
J. G. BRIGGS,
Proprietor of the Brandreth House.

Agency, Brandreth House, New York.

☞ Sold in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY & CO., and all Druggists. nov20-cow1t

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DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A. A. Limb Co.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT NOV. 24th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, No. 116 Market Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
FAST LINE	12.00	M.
ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.00	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	8.00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	9.00	"
ERIE MAIL	11.15	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
ACCOMMODATION	11.30	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For this train tickets must be procured, and baggage delivered by 5.00 P.M., at 116 Market Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.25	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
ERIE MAIL	9.55	"
FAST LINE	9.25	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.10	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	1.10	P.M.
ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.50	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	7.10	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
FRANCIS FUNK, Ticket Agent 116 Market St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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WANTED—Salesmen to Travel and sell Goods by sample. Good wages and steady employment. Address, with stamp, HAMILTON, PERRY & CO., oct5-3m Cleveland, Ohio.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A STAMMERING WIFE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Payne,
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
I would always endeavor to please her.
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word, except, "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth,
For often in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say, if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof, "You're a dog—a dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style with our moderate hoard,"
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cus—cus—cus—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that Madame was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech, like a churl as I am,
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

Othello in Utah.

SHOWING HOW THAT TRAGEDY IS INTENSIFIED UNDER MORMON AUSPICES.

At a Mormon theatre, not long ago, they played "Othello." Othello was represented, as usual, but polygamy demanded more than one Desdemona, so there were fifteen Mrs. Othellos for this Moor to be jealous of. The consequence was he grew fifteen times as jealous as any other Othello on the stage, and raved and ranted fifteen times as loud. The actor who undertook the part has been laid up in bed ever since.

In the first place, there were fifteen Brabantios clamoring for their daughters, who had eloped and married the Moor. The text had to be changed a little, of course. When brought before the Senators, charged with winning fifteen young women of Caucasian blood by the use of charms, love powders, etc., he said:

"Their fathers loved me, oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I had passed."

Fifteen mortified and repentant fathers immediately regretted that they had seemed to countenance negro equality by inviting the black man to their homes, although he had fought nobly during the war. Then Othello drew a touching picture of the sympathies which his tale excited in the breasts of the fifteen young women; how they would hurry through their house work to listen to it, half washing their breakfast things and leaving the chamber work until afternoon. He found at length "a pliant hour," when the fifteen susceptible young women are all together, and drew from them a "prayer of earnest heart," that he would give them the story entire in one number, which they got in fragments from day to day. He consented, and often did beguile tears from fifteen pairs of eyes when speaking of some distressful stroke that his youth suffered. Fifteen women-power sighs rewarded his story, and then they swore—fifteen of 'm—

"They wished they had not heard it, yet they wished
That heaven had made them such a man."

They requested him, if he knew of any promising young man of good income who was in love with them, to teach him how to repeat that entertaining yarn of his, and that would woo them. On these fifteen hints he spoke:

"They loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved them that they did pity them—
Here comes the ladies, let them witness it."

Then the fifteen Desdemonas enter, perceiving a divided duty between their husband and their fifteen paternals, but they shake off their papas and cling to the Moor.

The plot progresses. Iago excites the jealous rage of Othello by pretending to find fifteen pocket-handkerchiefs, that the Moor had given his wives, in Cassio's bed-chamber. They were neatly embroidered handkerchiefs, with a butterfly in one corner and his initials, "G. W. O." (George Washington Othello,) in red.

It was hard to make Othello believe for some time that his fifteen wives had gone back on him, but the sly and treacherous Iago plies his arts so skillfully that the Moor is at length convinced, and resolves to avenge his honor, that had received fifteen deadly stabs, by making himself a widower. This he accomplishes by smothering his fifteen wives in their fifteen separate bedchambers with fifteen different bolsters, being called before the curtain by the enraptured audience at the death of each of the fifteen Desdemonas.

WANTED TO SEE IT FLOP.—A benevolent and radical anti-slavery friend, a few weeks previous, had taken a likely young contraband to train as waiter. The first step was to clothe him in a trim suit of coarse blue cloth. The experiment promised complete success, as Cæsar, though a plantation hand, was learning rapidly. The following morning he appeared to wait on the table, with one leg of his pantaloons apparently torn from the hip down to the ankle. "Why, Cæsar, what is the matter?" said the lady. "Missus," said he solemnly, "I ripped it; I wanted to see it flop."

A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

HAIRDRESSER.—"'Air's very dry, sir!"
CUSTOMER (who knows what's coming).—"I like it dry!"
HAIRDRESSER (after awhile, again advancing to the attack).—"'End's very scurfy, sir!"
CUSTOMER (still cautiously retiring).—"Ya-as, I prefer it scurfy!"
[Assailant gives in defeated. Cannot sell any Hair-Water this time.

What the Birds Said.

A gentleman, whose modesty was too great for his happiness, was one day going through a wood with a lady, to whom he longed but feared to offer his hand and his heart. He had schemed and manœuvred enough for ten diplomatists to draw her away alone from the picnic where they had met, and now he durst not speak out for the life of him. But the silence had become embarrassing, and at last he ventured upon a hint. "Hark!" he cried, suddenly stopping. "Do you not hear that beautiful bird singing?"

"Yes," replied the lady.

"Do you catch what it says?"

"No. I cannot say that I do."

"Why, it says, 'I love you! I love you! I love you!' as plainly as possible."

"Dear me, how odd!" replied she; and they walked on again in silence for a little distance. Presently the lady in her turn stopped, and said—"How funny! Do you hear what that other bird says?"

"No, what?" asked the man.

"Why, it seems to me to say, 'show it! show it! show it!'"

That was sufficient.

Good Measure.

"I don't know how it is," remarked a person who was fond of making poetry for the journals, but whose productions always met with a rejection; "I have written a great deal, but as yet my pieces have never been published."

"Perhaps," replied his friend, "there were faults you were not aware of, but easily detected by the hawk-eyed editor."

"Well," rejoined the poet, "I can always write the first line well enough, but am perplexed about the second, thus—

"'Tread lightly, stranger, o'er this hallowed dust;
At some future period there is some probability that if you don't mend your ways, lay like me you must.'"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the critic, "that's bad measure."

"Why, man, you're mistaken—it's more than is required."

Taking Advice.

A man having lost a quarter of mutton by a lawyer's dog, repaired to the office of the lawyer and said: "I have come to ask a piece of advice. Suppose a dog carried off a leg of mutton from me, where do I look for pay, to the dog or his owner?" "Oh," said the man of the quill, "to the owner of the dog; he is responsible for any damage his dog does you." Said the man, "You owe me seventy-five cents." "Ah!" said the lawyer, "then my dog did the mischief? Well, here is the money." The face of the man expanded with a smile at his shrewdness in forestalling the opinion of the lawyer, and he was making his exit from the office when he was brought to a halt by the lawyer saying: "I have a small bill against you, my friend!" "Ah! for what?" said the man. "For advice in the dog case—two dollars," was the reply. This was a poser. It being strictly legal, and the lowest fee in the calendar for advice, there was no dodging, so the money was paid over and he departed a wiser if not a better man.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

By the length'ning twilight hours;
By the chill and lingering showers;
By the flow'rets pale and faded;
By the leaves with russet shaded;
By the gray and clouded morn;
By the drooping ears of corn;
By the meadows, overspread
With the spider's wavy thread;
By the soft and shadowy sky;
By the thousand tears that lie
Every weeping bough beneath—
Summer, we perceive thy death!

Summer, all thy charms are past;
Summer, thou art wasting fast;
Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded brow reposes.
Thrush and nightingale have long
Ceased to woo thee with their song;
And, on every lonely height,
Swallows gather for their flight;
While the wild wind's dreary tone,
Sweeping through the valleys lone,
Sadly sighs, with mournful breath,
Requiems for sweet Summer's death.

AGRICULTURAL.

A Perpetual Weather Table.

The following table was constructed by the celebrated Dr. Herschell, upon a philosophic consideration of the attraction of the sun and moon. It is confirmed by the experience of many years' observation, and will suggest to the observer what kind of weather will probably follow the moon's entrance into any of her quarters. As a general rule it will be found wonderfully correct:

If the moon changes at 12 o'clock noon, the weather immediately afterward will be very rainy, if in summer, and there will be snow and rain in winter.

If between 2 and 4 o'clock P. M.; changeable in summer—fair and mild in winter.

Between 4 and 6 o'clock P. M.; fair in both summer and winter.

Between 6 and 10 o'clock P. M.; in summer, fair, if the wind is northwest; rainy, if south or southwest. In winter, fair and frosty, if the wind is north or northwest; rainy, if south or southwest.

Between 10 and 12 o'clock A. M.; fair in summer and fair and frosty in winter.

Between 12 at night and 2 o'clock A. M.; *fair* in summer and frosty in winter, unless the wind is from the south or southwest.

Between 2 and 4 o'clock A. M.; cold and showery in the summer and snow and storm in the winter.

Between 4 and 6 o'clock A. M.; rainy both in winter and summer.

Between 6 and 8 o'clock A. M.; wind and rain in the summer and stormy in the winter.

Between 8 and 10 o'clock A. M.; changeable in summer, rain with a westerly and snow with an easterly wind in winter.

Between 10 and 12 o'clock A. M.; showery in summer, and cold and windy in winter.

Farmers' Gardens.

The Germantown Telegraph says:—"We can see an improvement in the gardens of our farmers within the last half dozen years. For years we have endeavored to convince the general farmer of the necessity and advantage of providing larger gardens for their families, and of devoting more attention to their cultivation. They should raise two or three times as many vegetables as most of them now do, and they must have them earlier. They must not be satisfied with two or three messes of beans, peas, sweet corn, &c.; but they must enjoy them daily for weeks. We do all we can to point out the best sorts of vegetables and when to plant them. There should be at least three plantings of peas, four of corn; string-beans all the time, lima-beans for summer and winter, early cabbage, beets, lettuce, &c., as long as they will possibly last. An early crop of turnips should be put in, not less than three or four stalks of celery, and any amount of winter cabbage."

We may add that one great cause of the dangerous fevers that occasionally sweep over healthy districts, is the fact that the gardens are not kept up, and a sufficient supply of varied vegetable food eaten.

Items.

— All dead leaves in the orchard, garden and pleasure ground should be collected and placed as a mulch around the trees, bushes, vines and canes. A few shovelfuls of compost thrown over them will keep them from being blown away by wind.

— If sheep are kept in the same lot with cows or fat cattle, no dog will disturb them. As soon as the dogs approach the sheep, they run to the cattle, who drive off the dogs. A farmer for thirty years, by adopting this plan, never lost a sheep by dogs, although in the same night the same dogs killed sheep in the farms north and south of him.

— How easy it is for the rich farmer, who can ride around his improved acres, and gaze with delight on his heavy crops, his blooded stock, and his first class implements and labor-saving machines, to say to his less fortunate neighbor, "*Why don't you* do this, that, or the other thing?"

— S. J. Woodman, of Chicago, Ill., writes to the New York Farmer's Club, that a barrel or a cask of new sweet cider, buried so as to be well covered with fresh earth, will turn to sharp, clear, delicious vinegar in three or four weeks, as good as ever sought affinity with cabbage, pickles, or table sauce.

— Green soda should be collected, and piled so that the roots of the grass will be thoroughly decomposed before the soil is needed in spring. The soil of well rotted green soda is very beneficial for making a seed bed for vegetables and flowers.

— Every vacant spot in the garden should now be manured, and the soil turned up to the ameliorating influence of frost and snow during winter. If treated in this way, there will not be much delay in getting in the spring crops.

— Lawns and grass plats should have a top dressing of rich compost, or fine stable manure, especially in such places as appear to require this application. The grass is generally poor in those places where the roots of trees abound and absorb the ingredients of the soil.

— Where fowls are confined in considerable numbers to a restricted enclosure they should have a good supply of wood ashes to wallow in. It will pay to fill a large box with ashes and place it under shelter where the fowls can use it at pleasure. It is a pleasure to them, as is manifest by the eagerness with which they avail themselves of this means of purification.

— One cow, which will give twice as much milk and make twice as much butter as another, is worth more than twice as much money *as* a cow, because she will not eat twice as much food, nor require twice as much care.

How Carrots Affect Horses.

The carrot is the most esteemed of all roots for its feeding qualities. When analyzed it gives but little more solid matter than any other root, eighty-five per cent. being water; but its influence in the stomach upon the other articles of food is most favorable, conducing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation. This result, long known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from a substance called *pectine*, which operates to coagulate or gelatinate vegetable solutions, and thus favors, digestion in all cattle. Horses are especially benefitted by the use of carrots. They should be fed to them frequently with their other fodder.

RECEIPTS.

FILLETS OF MUTTON WITH VEGETABLES.—Bone a neck or loin of mutton and lard it; after having rolled it into shape, roast it, and serve under it a ragout of vegetables, such as spinach, sorrel, chicory, cauliflowers, haricot beans (either green or white,) or potatoes fried, round the dish; cut in fillets.

BREAST OF MUTTON GRILLED.—Half boil a breast of mutton in a saucepan with water, salt, pepper, parsley, thyme, shalots, and a bayleaf. Then take it out, and pour over it a little olive oil, or melted butter, mixed with parsley, salt, pepper, and a small proportion of chives chopped fine; sprinkle it well with bread crumbs, and grill it till done a nice brown. Serve it with sauce piquante. In place of dressing it thus, it may be first baked in the pot au feu, and then finished as above. It might also be served on a ragout of chickory, lettuces, or a *puree* of onions with olive oil, or sorrel; also with tomato sauce or sauce a la tartare, and it will be found equally good. I give the recipes in the French mode, which is much used, and for which melted butter can be *sustituted, to suit the tastes of those who* dislike oil.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Well wash a half calf's head with the skin on; having taken out the brains, boil it until nearly done, and cut the meat and skin into small square pieces. Put some herbs, such as basil, marjoram, parsley, thyme, etc., with onions, mushroom trimmings, bay-leaves, lean ham, a few cloves, pepper, mace, and a piece of butter, altogether into a stewpan and fry them a little. To these add sufficient stock for your soup, and thicken it with butter and flour; boil it for about two hours, and skim it well, not making it too thick at first; strain it through a tammy over the meat which has been got ready; add forcemeat and egg-balls. Season, just before dishing up, with cayenne, salt, and lemon-juice.

COLD SLAW.—Take a nice fresh head of cabbage and lay it in cold water for one hour, then cut off all the stalk; shave down the head into very small slips with a cabbage-cutter, or very sharp knife; it should be done evenly and nicely; then put in a saucepan one teacupful of vinegar and let it give a boil up, then add a teacup nearly full of cream, with the yolks of two eggs, well beaten; let these also give one boil, and then pour it immediately over the cabbage, which must be seasoned as soon as cut with a saltspoon of salt, a little cayenne pepper, and some black pepper also.

TO CLEAN SILK.—One pint and a fifth of gin or whiskey, four ounces of soft-soap, and six ounces of honey; to be well mixed in an open dish. Lay the silk on a clean deal table, and rub it well on both sides with a sponge dipped in in the above mixture. Have ready two pails filled with cold, soft water, and rinse the breadths separately, first in one bucket and then in the other, and put them in the open air upon a towel-horse to drain (a shady, cool, place is best.) When the silk is nearly dry, iron it on the wrong side. It will be of little use to turn a silk dress without first removing all grease-spots, as any marks very speedily work through.

TO WASH NEW FLANNEL.—Cut the soap small, and boil it in a little water. Have two tubs with water as hot as the hands can bear, previously blue the water well to keep the color of the flannel, and put some of the boiled soap into one tub to make a lather; then wash the flannel without squeezing it. Put it into the other tub, and wring it in a large towel. Shake it then out, and, after drying it, smooth it with a cool iron.

TO WASH MERINO STOCKINGS.—The same method should be pursued as for flannels, and all woolen and cotton goods. Boil the soap to make a lather, wash them in this warm, and rinse in a second lather, (if white, mix a little blue.) Never rinse in plain water, or use cold lather, and never rub the soap upon the merino or flannel; the one shrinks, the other thickens and spoils the wool.

Very Fine Pickles.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Twelve peppers without seeds; cut them fine; then take 8 times the quantity of cabbage cut like slaw, 1 handful salt, a heaping tablespoonful of mustard seed, 2 tablespoonfuls of celery seed; now boil enough vinegar to cover it, and pour over boiling hot, mixing it well through. LOUISA.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 8, 10, 14, 6, is a planet.
My 12, 14, 10, 9, 11, 8, 5, 1, 6, is an insect.
My 4, 10, 14, is a piece of wood.
My 4, 7, 3, 1, is a vegetable.
My whole is an opera.

LIZZIE H.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A flower.
An edged tool.
A town in Iowa.
A river in Asia.
A boy's name.
A group of islands.
A wild animal.
A cape.
A girl's name.
One of the states.
A town in New York.
A range of mountains.
A country.
My initials form the title of one of Scott's works. AMANDA PENROSE.

Algebraic Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If two numbers be each multiplied by 27, the first product is a square, and the second the square root of that square; but if each be multiplied by 3 the first product is a cube and the second the cube root of that cube. What are the numbers?

W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a learned man like scarlet? Ans.—Because he is deep *read*.

☞ Why is a hen immortal? Ans.—Because its son never sets.

☞ When is an extravagant youth like a dog? Ans.—When he's curtailed.

☞ Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat? Ans.—To keep a check upon his stomach.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Delaware.

NOTE. We take it for granted that when our readers wish more of the Riddler, they will contribute more liberally of Enigmas, Charades, Conundrums, &c.—*Editor Riddler.*

MODERN COURTSHIP.

The sunlight is red on the river,
The woods are exceedingly brown;
And I, with my trotter and buggy,
Am waiting to take thee to town.

For the beautiful summer is over;
You've killed it with wonderful grace;
You travelled on shape or on figure,
I run it entirely on face.

I have flirted with all the young women,
You've flirted with all of the men;
We smashed the whole party between us,
Let's go at each other again.

I'm too good, as you know, for all others,
And you are ahead of the crowd;
Let us hitch and display to our victims
A couple amazingly loud.

And if thou wilt be true on the land, love,
As I have been true by the sea,
Then bully for thee, my own love,
Heart's dearest, oh bully for thee!

More New Novels.

In fiction, as in fact, it is often very profitable to follow up a success. But we rather fancy it would be doubtful policy for novelists to spend their time on sequels which may merely be suggested by the title of a preceding work. We have little wish to see among our publishers' announcements, such notices as these:—

Never Flirt: a sentimental novel, written by the author of *Never Court.*

Goeth down like an Oyster: a meditative novel, by the author of *Cometh up as a Flower.*

Six Penn'orth of Ha'pence: a realistic novel, being a Sequel to *Half a Million of Money.*

He who Breaks, Pays: a domestic novel, written by the author of *Other People's Windows.*

Less than a Lucifer: a sensation novel, written as a Sequel to *More than a Match.*

Sentiment and Fact.

Miss Goodman tells how the English Sisters of Mercy observed a Romish Chaplain, for some months, to pass away the time in tending a pet lamb, which he led about by a scarlet string; and how, in the early morning, he might be seen gathering the rose-leaves with the dew yet upon them, as a breakfast for the gentle creature. They were quite concerned, one morning, at perceiving the priest about to take his walk unaccompanied by his favorite, and passed, in haste, across the hall to inquire for it; to their great grief he informed them that the lamb was killed. They waited for the particulars of its untimely fate, concluding the savage dogs to be guilty; but the most unromantic father went on to say, "I found it in excellent condition; feeding an animal on rose-leaves certainly improves the meat."

APPLE HONEY.—Take one peck of good sour apples; pare and core; stew in a porcelain kettle until done; then put them in a coarse cloth, and hang it up until all the juice is out; simmer until thick as molasses; add an equal quantity of refined sugar, and let it stand on the stove one-half hour until done.

☞ Greeley says that smoking is the "vilest, most detestable abuse of his corrupted sensual appetites whereof depraved man is capable."